D&O
Rocca

I. O. K.

War of the French in Spain,

DURING THE REIGN

OF THE

EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY M. DE ROCCA,
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR.

SECOND AMERICAN, TRANSLATED FROM THE SECOND PARIS EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY J. DOBSON, AT THE STONE HOUSE,
NO. 41, SOUTH SECOND STREET.
J. HARDING, PRINTER.
1823.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

SEAL. BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eighteenth day of July, in the forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1820, Thomas Dobson & Son, of the said District, have deposited in this office, the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"Memoirs on the War of the French in Spain. By M. De Rocca, Officer of Hussars and Knight of the Order of the Legion of Honour. Translated from the second Paris edition.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to the Act, entitled. "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, "an Act for the encouragement of Learning. by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other Prints.

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE following narrative gives a lively description of the mode of warfare by which the Spaniards successfully resisted the usurpation of the throne of their hereditary sovereign, and baffled by individual energy the victorious armies of their invaders. It is evidently the production of a gentleman more conversant with the sword than with the pen; but notwithstanding frequent repetitions and inaccuracies, the result in part probably of negligence, it contains an interesting picture of national manners and many traits of acute observation.

The translator has rarely altered the turn of his author's expressions; not solely because it was doubtful if this might be done with advantage to the text, but from the persuasion that versions from one langage into another ought to be executed with as close an adherence to the phraseology of the original, as the idioms of the two will permit.

These memoirs, as M. de Rocca informs us in a short advertisement, were in the press in England before the capitulation of Paris in 1814, and the con-

sequent restoration of the Bourbons. We know not the causes which induced the author to leave his native country; his work however would assuredly have exposed him to some inconvenience there before the downfal of Napoleon. But, whether he wrote under the influence of personal feeling, or merely of sympathy with an unfortunate nation, whose sufferings he had witnessed, there appears none of that acrimony against the individual whose ambition caused those sufferings, which too frequently marks the recent records of that extraordinary man's achievments.

On the subject of another prominent character, M. de Rocca is more severe; yet he is not singular in his opinions and animadversions, and his censures are mild in comparison with those of much more influential agents of the Bonaparte power. The French troops in Spain ascribed their want of success in a great measure to the mistaken views and imprudent administration of the chief whom they were endeavouring to establish on the throne of that monarchy. The virtues and qualities which in private life render this personage respectable and amiable, formed perhaps the most material obstacles to his political aggrandizement.

The occasional traits of vanity which present themselves in these memoirs will be readily excused in a young soldier; if a little overstepping of modesty be ever pardonable, it is in a youth who before the age when others write man, has already paid the

debt he owes to his country, by shedding his blood under her banners.

The maxims and cautions dispersed throughout the work are valuable to the inexperienced soldier, as the result of practice in different descriptions of ground and under various circumstances; for there is perhaps no instruction in the science of war more impressive, than that which is conveyed through an entertaining and authentic recital of military adventures.

M. de Rocca has subjoined to the narrative of the events in which he bore himself a humble part, a history of the campaign of 1810 and 1811 in Portugal; of this it has been justly said that it is "very brief and perspicuous." The notes which are annexed to the original consist principally of official documents laid before the British Parliament; these are to be found in the periodical publications of the time, and are therefore omitted in this volume; reference however is made to their dates, in order that the curious reader may be enabled to consult them.

The following pages were ready for the press before the American translator was aware that there already existed a version, published some time ago in England. He has never heard, however, of its having found its way to this country, and has no means of judging of its merit but by a few extracts in the Edinburgh Review, No. 49. The praise which the Scottish critics bestow on M. de Rocca's

work justifies the wish of presenting it to the American public in our native tongue, while the specimens which they give of the London translation lead to the belief that it was executed by one not very familiar with the French language.

EXTRACT

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 49.

"For the purpose of bringing under the consideration of our readers, an interesting portion of recent history, we have selected the present performance, which contains an account of the invasion of Spain by the French armies, and a general view of the causes which, notwithstanding a continued series of reverses, still gave energy to the Spanish cause. The author, M. de Rocca, had a command in a regiment of French hussars and a place in the legion of honour. He entered Spain in the year 1808, along with the troops sent to reinforce the French armies, which were at that time encamped on the Ebro, under the command of Joseph; and, except during a short interval in the year 1809, when he was sent against the English at Walcheren, he continued in Spain until the summer of 1810, when he was severely wounded in an encounter with a party of Spanish guerillas. He relates chiefly what came under his own personal notice; and as he seems to be an acute and discriminating observer, his remarks, which are always lively, are frequently judicious and striking. In his account of the campaign, he certainly maintains a tone of great impartiality; praising or blaming indifferently the plans and movements of the two contending armies; while his narrative of military events is enlivened with some interesting sketches of Spanish manners, and with an amusing account of his own personal adventures."

"The work concludes with a very brief and perspicuous account of the campaign in Portugal, which took place after our author quitted Spain, and which he justly terms 'the *chef-d'œuvre* of a defence at once national and military.'"

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE notice bestowed on the first edition of the following pages, has induced the translator to offer a second to the public, and to add some circumstances respecting the author, M. de Rocca, which had not come to his knowledge when the work was first printed in this city. The biography of an agreeable writer generally excites interest among his readers, and it is to be regretted that no other source of information is within reach, than the scanty one from which are derived the following particulars: for these we are indebted to a treatise on the character and writings of Madame de Stael by her friend and kinswoman, Madame Necker de Saussure.

Although I am not writing the History of Madame de Stael, says this lady, I cannot pass over in silence so important an event as her second marriage. A young officer of respectable family had become the object of much attention at Geneva from the accounts given of his brilliant courage, and from the contrast between his youthful appearance and the feeble state

of health to which he was reduced by the severe wounds he had received in Spain. A prodigious effect was produced on the imagination of this unfortunate gentleman by some kind expressions addressed to him by Madame de Stael; the tones of her voice seemed to have renovated his existence, his heart was inflamed with the most passionate love, and he immediately formed the design of rendering it reciprocal. "I will so love her," was his declaration to an intimate friend, "that she shall be unable to refuse me her hand." These singular expressions might have been dictated by various motives; but the most favourable interpretation cannot but be given to them by those who witnessed the enthusiasm and devotedness of his attachment.

Such lofty pretensions were seconded by favourable circumstances. Madame de Stael was unhappy and fatigued with persecution; her soul required sympathy and support. At the moment when her captivity was becoming more and more irksome, and the clouds of misfortune thickening around her head, a new light burst upon her existence, and that bliss, of which the idea had never forsaken her imagination as founded on *wedded love*, for once seemed within her reach. Her opinions on this subject are well known. It was she who had said; "*I will force my daughter to marry for love.*" The hope of realizing such a union in her own person, had never been abandoned. When speaking of the asylum which she purposed to seek at a future day in

England, she had frequently said, "I experience the want of tenderness and support; and if I find in that country a man of elevated feelings, to him will I sacrifice my freedom." Such a man suddenly presented himself. Doubtless she might have made a more suitable choice; but it is precisely in *love* that the faculty of choice disappears. It is however certain that the match was a happy one; she had not overrated the character of M. de Rocca, in whom she found tenderness, constant admiration, chivalric sentiments, a mind naturally poetical, and considerable talents. To all these qualities were superadded cordial sympathy for his sufferings, and apprehension for his existence, which incessantly excited her emotions and fettered her imagination.

Unquestionably she would have done better if she had acknowledged her marriage; but a sort of undefined timidity and a natural fondness for the name which she had rendered *illustrious*, restrained her, while her active mind found employment in combating the embarrassments attendant on her new situation. Shall we pronounce that she ought to have avoided that situation, that her conduct was often imprudent and incorrect? she would herself have been the first to admit the justice of the censure; her writings as well as her conversations attest her consciousness on this subject. But how shall we describe her sufferings on the critical occasion, when M. de Rocca's life seemed in danger from his frequent maladies? At Pisa, where he lay almost expiring, she

compared her situation to that of marshal Ney, who was at that epoch expecting every moment to receive sentence of death. She often spoke of her intention to write a work, whose title should be: *There is but one irreparable evil in life; the loss of the object of one's love.*

This irreparable evil it was the lot of the young and unfortunate Rocca to undergo. The feeble frame, which for a little while had served to support an existence, apparently so robust as madame de Staël's, was destined to survive her; but not to survive her long. Grief soon terminated a life, which had ceased to be valued by its possessor.

MEMOIRS

ON THE

WAR OF THE FRENCH IN SPAIN.

PART I.

THE second regiment of Hussars, formerly called that of Chamboran, in which I had the honour of serving, received, a twelvemonth after the close of the campaign which terminated with the battle of Friedland and the peace of Tilsit, orders to leave Prussia and to proceed to Spain. I had in consequence an opportunity of comparing two kinds of warfare absolutely different from each other; the one waged by regular troops who usually take little interest in the object of the quarrel which they are supporting,—the other a war of resistance, by which a nation is enabled to oppose victorious and disciplined armies.

We were leaving the sandy plains of northern Germany; we had had to deal with a population subject, for the most part, to governments essentially military. The different sovereigns who compose the German empire, had for more than a century turned all their attention to perfecting those warlike institu-

tions which might secure their authority and further their personal ambition; but by accustoming their subjects to exact and scrupulous obedience, they had weakened the national character, which is the only invincible bulwark that nations can oppose to foreign invasion.

When a province of Germany was conquered by the French, and could no longer receive the commands of its sovereign, the inferior classes, unaccustomed to consult their own inclinations, durst not act without the impulse of their governments or of their nobles; these governments became, by conquest, subject to the influence of the victor, and the nobles, long familiar with the aspect of the temporary violence which soldiers exercise towards the mass of the population, endured with resignation the evils inseparable from war.

In Prussia the clergy possessed little influence over the people; the reformation has destroyed, among the Protestants, that power which the priests have even in our day retained in some Catholic countries, and especially in Spain. Men of letters, who might have given a direction to public opinion and have rendered their acquirements useful to the cause of their country, were seldom called to take a part in public affairs; literary reputation was the sole object of their ambition, and they rarely devoted themselves to pursuits or studies applicable to the circumstances of the time. The real strength of the various German States rested on their military systems, and

their political existence depended entirely on the strength or weakness of their administrations.

In the plains of Northern Germany, the localities of the country did not allow the inhabitants to escape from the yoke of the conqueror, as may be done in countries of a different description. Small bodies of troops were sufficient to control large districts, and to insure the subsistence of our armies. The citizens would have been unable to find secure places of retreat, if they had attempted partial revolts; moreover, the Germans, accustomed to a tranquil and regular course of life, never adopt desperate measures until their national habits have been completely eradicated.

We had nothing to fear from the inhabitants in the districts conquered by our arms, and the war in Germany was carried on exclusively by troops of the line, between whom there exists rather an emulation of skill and valour than a feeling of hatred. The success of a campaign depended on the concert of military operations, on the activity and perseverance of the chief officers, and on their skill in foreseeing and disconcerting one another's plans, and in bringing at the proper moment and with rapidity, heavy masses of troops on decisive points of attack. They avoided all those little partial rencounters, which in regular warfare serve only to render some individuals miserable, without contributing to any important advantage; and the plans of the generals were never counteracted by individual opposition, or by spontaneous insurrections of the inhabitants.

In Germany we had only governments and armies to overcome; in the Spanish peninsula, whither we were going, both government and regular troops had already ceased to exist. The emperor Napoleon had invaded Portugal and Spain, put to flight or led into captivity the sovereigns of those two nations, and dispersed their military forces. We were not called upon to combat regular troops, which are every where much alike, but to fight with a population which its manners, its prejudices, and the nature of the country which it inhabits, distinguish from every other nation of the continent. The Spaniards were disposed to meet us with a resistance the more obstinate, as they believed that the French government wished to make the whole peninsula a state of the secondary order, irrevocably subject to French dominion.

With respect to mental improvement and social habits, Spain was more than a century behind the other continental states. The remote and almost insular situation of the country, and the severity of the religious institutions, had prevented the Spaniards from taking part in the disputes and controversies which had agitated and enlightened Europe during the sixteenth century; neither had they been affected, in the eighteenth, by the philosophical spirit, which was one of the causes of the French revolution.

Although the Spaniards were too much abandoned to indolence, and notwithstanding the disorder and corruption which prevailed in the administration

of public affairs, the inevitable consequence of a despotism of long standing, their national character had undergone no alteration; their government, arbitrary as it was, bore no resemblance to absolute military power, such as it existed in Germany, where constant subjection to the mandates of one person unceasingly compressed the elasticity of individual exertion.

Ferdinand the Catholic, Charles the Fifth, and Philip the Second had, it is true, usurped almost all the privileges of the Grandees and of the Cortes, and had annihilated the liberties of the Spaniards; but the weakness of government, under their successors, had left at all times to the people, notwithstanding the despotism of the sovereign, a practical freedom, which often amounted to insubordination.

In the annals of the German monarchies, we never read but of the sovereign and of his armies. From the epoch when Ferdinand the Catholic united the different kingdoms of Spain, scarcely a single reign had passed without the manifestation on the part of the people, of their existence and of their strength, by imposing conditions on their rulers, and by expelling some of their ministers or favourites. When the inhabitants of Madrid revolted for the purpose of requiring from Charles III., father of Charles IV., the dismissal of his minister Squilacci, the king was obliged in person to treat with his subjects, and to put himself under the protection of a monk, who held a crucifix in his hand. The court, which had fled to

Aranjuez, afterwards wished to march the Walloon guards against Madrid; the people killed several of them, and on all sides was heard, "*Si entraran los Vallones, no reynaran los Borbones,*"* "if the Walloons enter Madrid, the Bourbons shall cease to reign." The Walloon guards did not enter, Squilacci was dismissed, and order was restored. At Berlin and in Prussia generally, the inhabitants respected the soldiers of their king in their military functions, as the soldiers themselves respected their officers; at Madrid, the centinels on post to cause the sovereign's orders to be executed, made way for the humblest citizen.

The revenue attached to the crown of Spain was very limited, and but a small number of troops could be kept on foot; the regiments of the line, with the exception of some privileged corps, were incomplete, ill paid and badly disciplined. The priesthood was the only efficient controlling force which the kings of Spain possessed; it was through the exhortations of the ministers of the altar, and by presents of pontifical ornaments or relics, that they repressed or dispersed popular tumults.

The Spanish priests hated the French both from patriotism and from self-interest; for they were aware that it was in contemplation to abolish their privileges, and to deprive them of their property and of their temporal power. Their opinions carried with them

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* Vide, note 1st.

the more numerous portion of the nation; and we had in fact almost as many enemies to combat, as the peninsula contained inhabitants.

The lofty and barren mountains which surround and traverse Spain, were inhabited by a warlike population, inured to arms from their habits of smuggling, and accustomed to defeat the troops of their own nation, who were frequently sent against them. The unconquered spirit of the inhabitants, the mildness of the climate, which allows them to live almost the whole year in the open air, and to abandon their dwellings whenever they think it necessary; the inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains in the interior, the sea which beats upon their extensive coasts,—all these important results of national character, climate and localities could not fail to afford the Spaniards innumerable facilities for withdrawing from the oppression of the conqueror, and to double the effect of their own forces, whether by transporting them with rapidity to points where the French were weak, or by enabling them to escape pursuit, when their enemies were too strong for them.

When we left our cantonments in Prussia to march into Spain, late in August, 1808, we had reflected little on the obstacles we were about to encounter in a country so new to us. We thought we were engaged in an expedition of no difficulty, and of short duration; having conquered in Germany, we supposed that nothing henceforward could resist us.

Our soldiers never enquired to what country they

were going, but if there was abundance of provisions at their place of destination;—this was the only point of view in which they contemplated geography. The world was divided for them into two parts—the fortunate zone, where the vine grows,—and the detestable zone, which is deprived of that production. As they were told at the commencement of every campaign, that they were called out to inflict the last blow on the tottering power of the English, they confounded this power in all its forms with the idea of England herself. They estimated the distance which separated them from that country by the number of marches which they had been performing for many years, from one extremity of the world to the other, without reaching this kind of imaginary and distant region, which continually receded before them. "Well," they would say, "if the desart separated us from it in Egypt, and the sea at Boulogne, we shall soon arrive there now by land through Spain."

After having passed the Elbe and the Weser, we reached the left bank of the Rhine and found ourselves in France. For two months before, there had been rumours of an approaching war with Austria, and when we left Prussia in September, 1808, we were all persuaded that we were destined for the Danube. It was with deep regret and almost tears that our hussars left Germany, that fine country which they had then conquered, that brilliant theatre of war from which they carried with them so many glorious recollections, and in which some of them had

even been fortunate enough to render themselves individually beloved.

We traversed France as if it had been a land recently conquered and subjected to our arms. The emperor Napoleon had given orders that his soldiers should be welcomed and feasted every where; deputations came to compliment us at the gates of his good cities. The officers and soldiers were conducted immediately on their arrival to sumptuous banquets prepared before hand; and moreover, on our departure the magistrates thanked us for having been good enough to spend in one day, the amount of several weeks revenue from their municipal taxes.

The soldiers of the grand army did not lose in France the habit which they had contracted in Germany, of maltreating sometimes the townsmen and peasants at whose houses they were quartered. The auxiliaries of the allied powers especially, would not comprehend why they should conduct themselves in France otherwise than in an enemy's country; they said that it must unquestionably be the custom to do so, inasmuch as the French troops had not acted differently in their country, in Germany and Poland. The inhabitants of the towns and villages through which we passed endured every thing patiently, until the torrent of armed men had subsided.

Our troops consisted (besides French) of Germans, Italians, Poles, Swiss, Dutchmen, and even of Irishmen and Mamelukes. These foreigners were clad in their national uniforms, preserved their peculiar

habits, and spoke their own languages; but notwithstanding this dissimilarity of manners, which raises barriers between nations, military discipline easily succeeded in uniting the whole under the powerful hand of one individual; all these men wore the same cockade; they had the same watch-word and the same war-cry.

We crossed the Seine at Paris, the Loire at Saumur, the Garonne at Bourdeaux; here we rested for a few days, for the first time since our departure from Prussia, whilst the rest of the army crossed to the opposite bank of the river. We then traversed the uncultivated barrens between Bourdeaux and Bayonne. In those solitary plains, as in the flats of Prussia and Poland, the sandy soil ceased to resound under the horses' feet; the regular and accelerated sound of their steps no longer served to reanimate their spirit. Vast forests of pine and cork trees skirt the horizon at great distances; here and there are seen shepherds clothed in black sheep-skins, mounted on stilts six or seven feet in height, and resting against a long staff; they remain motionless on the same spot, never losing sight of their flocks, which feed on the downs around them. When the emperor Napoleon crossed these barrens, the poverty of the country prevented its furnishing him, as usual, with a guard of honour of cavalry; he was escorted by a detachment of these shepherds, who kept pace on their tall stilts with the trot of the horses through the sand.

Some leagues beyond Bayonne, we reached the

Bidassoa, a small stream which forms the limit of France in the Pyrrenees. As soon as one has set foot on the Spanish territory, a sensible change in the aspect of the country and the manners of the inhabitants is discernible. The narrow and crooked streets in the towns, the grated windows, the doors of the houses always strictly closed, the severe and reserved demeanour of all classes of the people, the suspicion which they universally expressed of us, added to the involuntary sadness which seized us on our entrance into Spain.

We saw the emperor Napoleon pass on his way to Vittoria; he was on horseback; the plainness of his green uniform distinguished him amidst the richly dressed generals who surrounded him; he saluted each officer separately with a motion of his hand, by which he seemed to say,—I count upon you. Frenchmen and Spaniards had assembled in crowds to see him pass; the former saw in him alone the fortune of the whole army; the Spaniards sought to read in his eyes and in his demeanour, what was to be the destiny of their unhappy country.

In the latter part of October, 1808, the grand army of Germany came in succession to unite itself to the French army which King Joseph commanded in Spain. It was now only that we learned with astonishment from our brothers in arms, a part of the events of the peninsular war, and the details of the unfortunate affairs which had obliged the generals Dupont and Junot to capitulate in Andalusia and in

Portugal, marshal Moncey to retire from Valencia, and finally the whole army to concentrate itself on the left bank of the Ebro. (1)

In the night of the 8th of November, the imperial

(1) King Joseph was at Vittoria with the general staff of his army and his guards. Marshal Moncey, with his corps, was at Tafalla, observing the Spanish army under general Palafox, stationed at Sanguessa on the frontiers of Navarre and Arragon. The troops under the orders of marshal Ney occupied Logronio and Guardia; they had before them, in the environs of Tudela on the Ebro, the Spanish armies commanded by generals Castaños and Palafox which, together, must have amounted to 40,000 men. Marshal Bessiéres was at Miranda de l'Ebro; he had left, on retiring, a garrison in the fort of Pancorvo; his position was covered by the numerous and well-mounted cavalry of general Lassalle. Marshal Lefêvre occupied Durango; the corps commanded by the marshals Bessiéres and Lefêvre were opposed to the Spanish armies of the center and of the left, under the orders of the generals Belvedere and Blake. The Spanish army of the center, placed at Burgos, was from 12 to 14,000 men strong only. It was to be reinforced by 26,000 English troops, who were advancing from Portugal and Coruña under the generals Moore and Sir D. Baird. This army was destined to support the army of the right, which general Blake commanded in Biscay, and to keep up the communications with the Spanish armies in Arragon and Navarre. *Vide note 2, at the end of the volume.*

The army of general Blake, although 37,000 strong, had little cavalry, and therefore did not venture into the plains in the environs of Miranda and Vittoria; it had quitted its positions between Ona Frias and Erron, in order to take possession of Bilbao, and had advanced across the mountains which separate Biscay from the province of Alava, as

head-quarters were removed from Vittoria to Miranda. The following day the whole army of the center, of which we were a part, commenced its march under the immediate orders of the emperor. We were destined to make a powerful effort upon Burgos, where was the center of the Spanish forces, in order to threaten afterwards by a rapid advance, the flanks of their armies of the right and left in Biscay and towards the frontiers of Navarre and Arragon. We wished to prevent these armies from concentrating upon Madrid, if they retired, or to cut them off from their communications, by falling upon their rear, if they attempted a resistance.

For this purpose our army of the right, composed of the corps of marshals Victor and Lefêvre, was to

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far as Zornosa and Archandiano, towards Durango, in order to excite the country to insurrection and to attack the right and the communications of the army of king Joseph. The Spanish armies of Navarre and Arragon were to execute a similar movement against the center and left of the French, for the purpose of forcing them to retreat by the way of Tolosa, or else to drive them into the defilees of Navarre, near Pampeluna. Such were the projects of the Spaniards and the situation of affairs, when the emperor Napoleon assumed the command of the armies in Spain.

On the 31st of October, 1808, the corps of marshal Lefêvre had attacked the army of general Blake near Durango, had driven it back, and had entered Bilbao the following day. The corps of marshal Victor moved, on the 6th of November, from Vittoria upon Orduna. It was destined to form, in conjunction with that of marshal Lefêvre, our army of the right.

continue its march against Blake's army which was retreating upon Espinosa, after having been beaten back from Durango and Valmaceda. Our army of the left, under marshals Lasnes and Moncey, remained in the environs of Logronio and Tafalla; it waited, to commence its movement and to ascend the Ebro towards Saragossa, until the result of the affair (which we were indubitably about to have at Burgos) should be known.

The imperial head-quarters arrived at Briviesca on the evening of the 9th; the army under the emperor's orders cantoned in the vicinity of the town. The inhabitants had every where fled into the mountains on our approach.

The 10th, at day-break, marshal Soult reconnoitered, with a division of infantry, the enemy's positions in the direction of Burgos. On his arrival at the village of Gamonal, he was received with a discharge of thirty pieces of cannon. This was for the French the signal of attack. Marshal Soult did not wait for the remainder of the army which was following him; he immediately commenced the combat, and drove before him the Walloon and Spanish guards, who composed the principal force of the enemy. Marshal Bessiéres having afterwards come up with the cavalry, outflanked the enemy's wings, completed their rout, and entered Burgos pell-mell with the vanquished.

Our brigade of Hussars was the only part of the army which had remained behind, in a secluded

cantonment two leagues in the rear of Briviesca. The adjutant who was to bring us orders to march, had missed his way, not having been able to procure a guide, and we set out only at nine o'clock in the morning. We followed the track of the army during the whole day, without suspecting what had taken place that very morning in our front.

When night came on, we discerned at a great distance before us the fires of the advance of our army. Notwithstanding the darkness, we discovered by the motions of our horses that we were traversing a field of battle; they slackened their pace every other moment, raising their feet cautiously, for fear of touching the dead bodies over which they were passing. They stopped also now and then to drop their heads and smell with affright at the carcasses of the horses which had been killed in the late action.

Burgos had been entirely abandoned by its inhabitants. That large city was now a vast solitude; when our troops arrived there immediately after the battle, it had been abandoned to pillage. In the quarter by which we entered, we heard on all sides the murmur and confusion of voices of the soldiers who were coming and going in every direction, seeking provisions and utensils in the deserted houses. They carried, to light them, enormous candles which they had found in the neighbouring convents. Further on, in a part of the town less frequented by our troops, we heard the stifled and mournful cries of

the sick and aged, who too weak to make their escape, had taken refuge in a church, where they were crowded in great numbers; they were reciting prayers with their curates, in anticipation of the death which they believed to be awaiting them. The feeble rays of the holy lamp glimmered through the painted windows of the church. We passed between two high walls made of enormous bales of wool, which the Spaniards had collected from all quarters, to transport them after their army into the south of France, thinking themselves secure of gaining a great victory over us.

We reached, at eleven at night, the bivouac which had been designated for us near the banks of the Arlanzon. When day appeared, we beheld in the shallow river which flowed near us, the dead bodies of some Spanish soldiers and monks who had been killed the day before.

The 11th, our brigade of light cavalry set out at sun-rise to explore the country above, on the Arlanzon. We discovered at a distance on the banks of the river, troops of peasants and towns-people, who were retiring behind the heights or between the steeps of the opposite bank. Often nothing of them was to be seen but their heads, which rose now and then above the bushes, to ascertain if we had gone by.

Some of our flankers met some nuns, who had left Burgos the day before, during the engagement. These poor girls, some of whom had never before

been outside of the walls of their convents, had in their terror walked without stopping as far as their feet could carry them, and had come to hide themselves in the thickets near the river. They had at first dispersed on seeing us advancing at a distance; then they gathered together on our approach, and threw themselves on their knees closely pressed to each other, with their heads bent down and wrapt in their hoods. One of them who had preserved more presence of mind than her companions, stood up in front of them. Candor and dignity were expressed on her physiognomy, united to that appearance of calmness which is produced by great emotion in the moment of despair. The nun who stood up, repeated, while moving the beads of her chaplet, to the soldiers as they passed her, as if to implore their protection, these only words which she knew of our language; "Bon jour, Messieurs Français." These poor women were left unmolested.

We passed four days at a large village four leagues from Burgos, of which I know not the name, because we found nobody from whom we could get the information. The imperial quarters remained at Burgos until the 22d. That city was in the centre of all the military operations, and from thence communications could be established, with equal facility, between the different armies in Biscay and in Arragon, and at the same time the progress of those corps could be observed, and reinforcements sent to them in case of necessity.

The day after the action of Burgos, numerous detachments were sent in all directions in pursuit of the enemy, in order to complete the destruction of an army which an easy victory had dispersed, but which might yet not be totally annihilated. Ten thousand cavalry and twenty pieces of artillery were dispatched to pour down rapidly, by Placentia, Leon, and Zamora, on the rear of the English army, which was thought to be at Valladolid. Marshal Soult proceeded by Villarcayo and Reynosa to get in the rear of the left of the Spaniards. One division of infantry went, by a more direct route, to occupy the gorges of the mountains near Sant-Andero; these troops, notwithstanding the rapidity of their march, met with none of the enemy. General Blake's army, which had retreated after the affair of Durango, had in vain endeavoured to rally, first at Guénes and then at Valmaceda. Pursued by marshal Victor, in the direction of Espinosa, and by marshal Lefêvre in that of Villarcayo, it had finally suffered a total defeat on the 10th of November, at Espinosa, after a combat which lasted two days.

The Spanish armies of the center and of the left having been beaten on every point, there remained, before advancing upon Madrid, nothing to do but to disperse their armies of the right. Marshal Ney's corps was sent for this purpose from Burgos, by Lerma and Aranda, to follow upwards the course of the Duero, then fall down towards the Ebro, in order to take in reverse the corps of generals Castaños and

Palafox, who were shortly to be attacked in front by the corps of marshals Lannes and Moncey. These French corps of our left were yet occupying Logronio and Tafalla, and were preparing to go down the banks of the Ebro.

On the 15th of November our brigade of hussars joined at Lerma the corps commanded by marshal Ney, to which it remained thenceforward attached. On the 16th marshal Ney's army moved from Lerma to Aranda; the inhabitants continued to abandon their dwellings on our approach, carrying off with them into the mountains their most valuable effects. The solitude and desolation which victorious armies usually leave behind them, seemed to have preceded us wherever we arrived.

In approaching the deserted cities and villages of Castille, we never discovered those smoky vapours which form a second atmosphere over inhabited and populous places. Instead of living sounds, nothing was heard within the walls of the towns but the melancholy striking of the clocks, or the croaking of the crows which flitted around the lofty steeples. The houses almost all empty, served but to echo tardily and with harsh repetition, the loud clamour of our drums and trumpets.

Quarters were assigned to the troops with promptness; each regiment occupied a square, and each company a street, according to the size of the town. Soon after arriving, our soldiers found themselves established in their new habitations, as if they were

come to found a colony. This warlike and temporary population gave new names to the places it occupied. We spoke of *the dragoons' square, such a company's street, our general's house, the main guard square, the alarm square.* On the walls of a convent would be written with charcoal, *barracks of such a battalion.* From one of the cells of a deserted convent might be seen a sign with a French inscription exhibiting the name of one of the first restaurateurs of Paris; it was some suttler, who had hastened to set up in this place his travelling tavern.

When the army arrived late at night at the place where it was to halt, the quarters could not be distributed with regularity; then we took up our lodgings *militarily*, that is, without distinction and without order, wherever we found room. As soon as the main guards had taken post, on a given signal the soldiers left their ranks, precipitated themselves all together, tumultuously, like a torrent, into the town, and for a long time after the arrival of the army nothing was heard but loud shouts and the noise of breaking down doors with axes or stones. Some grenadiers discovered a method as prompt as it was efficacious, of opening such doors as made an obstinate resistance, by putting the muzzles of their muskets to the locks and firing them in that situation; they thus defeated the precautions of the inhabitants, who always carefully shut up their houses before they fled into the mountains upon our appearance.

Marshal Ney's corps left Aranda the morning of

the 20th; we ascended for two days the banks of the Duero, being without intelligence of the enemy, and never meeting with a living being. The 21st, a little before sun-set, we remarked some uncertainty in the movements of our scouts. We immediately formed squadron, and soon afterwards our advanced platoon was engaged with a party of the enemy, which was beaten off without difficulty; we made a few prisoners on entering Almazan.

The corps of marshal Ney passed the night at a bivouac under the walls of this town; it had been forsaken by the inhabitants. The night was too far advanced to make the regular distribution of provisions, and unfortunately it was impracticable to prevent the soldiers from plundering during a half hour, under the pretext of providing necessaries. That same evening we sent out parties of twenty-five men each, to reconnoitre in different directions. The detachment which went towards Siguenza returned in the night, bringing in some baggage and a few prisoners. Marshal Ney's corps set out the following day, the 22d of November, for Soria. Our regiment, the 2d hussars, was left alone at Almazan, to guard the communications with Burgos, through Aranda, and to observe the enemy's troops said to be in the environs of Siguenza, Medina-Céli and Agréda.

On the 24th I was ordered at break of day to reconnoitre with twenty-five horse the direct road which leads from Almazan to Agréda. Being unable to procure a guide, I ascended with my detachment

the right bank of the Duero, according to the direction indicated by a bad French map which deceived me, and we lost our way. After a fatiguing march of four hours by cross-paths we discovered two children, who were running towards a thicket, and uttering cries of affright; I followed them, and found myself on a sudden in the midst of a camp of women who had escaped from the neighbouring villages, to conceal themselves with their children and their sheep, in a small island formed by the river. I arrived so unexpectedly among them, that I succeeded in tranquillizing them by signs, before I was followed by my detachment. I enquired of them by the interpreter who accompanied me, which was the direct road from Almazan to Agréda. An aged priest, the only man who was with these women, answered that I had come more than four leagues out of my way, and he pointed out the right road on the opposite side of the river. We traversed a number of villages and hamlets, which were inhabited by men only, and at last reached our destination.

My interpreter was a Flemish deserter whom hunger and the apprehension of being massacred by the peasants had induced to surrender himself to us after the affair of Burgos; we had nicknamed him Blanco, because he had put on, to guard himself from the cold, over his worn and torn uniform of the Walloon guards, a dominican monk's white frock which the hussars had given him; he had covered his head with the enormous hat worn by the

monks of that order. At the inhabited villages which we passed, the peasants supposed, on seeing him travelling on foot before us, that he was a real monk whom we were conducting away by force; they saluted him respectfully with expressions of pity for his unhappy fate, and they all gave money to the reverend father, who proud of his honours, would not, for some time after he had an opportunity of doing it, relinquish a costume which he found so lucrative.

In consequence of having been without a guide, it took us nine hours to complete a journey of only four leagues in a direct line. This difficulty of procuring guides was repeated every instant, because the inhabitants abandoned all their villages on our approach.

Our regiment received orders to leave Almazan that very evening. We marched a day and a night, almost without stopping, and joined marshal Ney's corps as it was entering Agréda by the route of Soria. The infantry were lodged in the town. The light cavalry was sent a league further, upon the road to Cascante, to cover the position of the army. We believed ourselves to be very near and behind the left wing of the Spanish forces.

The town of Agréda was deserted; the chief of the staff of our brigade looked in vain for a guide, and we were obliged to seek, with the aid only of the map, the cantonment which had been designated for us. Night coming on, we soon lost our way in

the mountains, and deceived by the cloudy darkness which surrounded us we fancied ourselves continually on the edge of some precipice. Whenever we had advanced about a hundred yards, long halts were ordered, while those who were at the head of the column endeavoured to feel their way among the rocks, and the profound silence of night was then only broken by the pawing and snorting of the horses, who champed their bits, impatient to arrive and repose themselves. We had dismounted and were marching in file, listening to and repeating by turns, on approaching the bad passes and precipices, the cautions which were communicated in whispers, for fear of alarming a corps of troops whose half extinguished fires we saw on the opposite side of a deep ravine. We were ignorant whether they were friends or foes; and an attack by infantry would have been fatal to us in our situation.

We thus passed the whole night in continued marches and counter-marches. The moon having risen a little before day, we found ourselves very nearly on the spot which we had left the day before, and we perceived at last at the bottom of a narrow valley, the village where we ought to have passed the night; we had been marching more than thirty hours. The impossibility of obtaining guides presented in this manner at every step a thousand difficulties in detail, of a kind novel to us. In those thinly peopled districts, of which all the inhabitants were hostile to us, we rarely met with individuals

who could, even without seeking to deceive us, give us any sort of information respecting the enemy.

We learned, but it was too late, that the army under generals Castaños and Palafox had been completely defeated at Tudela, on the 23d; if we had arrived one day sooner at Agréda, we should have met and taken prisoners, in that city, the dispersed columns of Spaniards who were retreating upon Madrid.

Our army of the left, of which we were destined to support the movements, had been concentrated on the 22d, at the bridge of Lodosa. The 23d it had met the Spanish army of the right, drawn up in order of battle a league in extent, between Tudela and the village of Cascante. Marshal Lannes caused the center of the enemy's line to be pierced by a division of infantry, which advanced in close column; the cavalry of general Lefêvre passed immediately through the opening, and surrounded by an oblique movement the right wing of the Spaniards. Once broken on a single point, they were unable to manœuvre, and retired in disorder, leaving thirty pieces of cannon, many killed and a great number of prisoners on the field of battle.

The Spaniards had conceived such confidence in their own forces, after the retreat of king Joseph upon the Ebro, in the month of July, that when about to engage with us, their anxiety did not rest on the means of resisting us, or of securing their retreat in case of ill-success, but on the apprehension

lest any of the French should make their escape. They judged of the event of a battle by the ardent desire they entertained of vanquishing and destroying their enemies. Not knowing how to manœuvre, fearing not to be able to display their columns in time to surround us, they ranged themselves in long lines without depth, in plains where the superiority of our tactics and of our cavalry, necessarily gave us the advantage. This order of battle, which is reprehensible even for well-disciplined troops, deprived the Spaniards of the means of reinforcing with rapidity the points attacked by our columns or of concentrating themselves to resist our charges. Our troops had experienced more resistance in Biscay and the Asturias, because they had there to fight amidst mountains, where the difficulties of the ground and individual courage are sometimes sufficient to defeat the calculations of military art; before they reached Reynosa, they had been obliged to conquer at Durango, Zornosa, Guénes, Valmaceda, and lastly at Espinosa.

Not a Frenchman then doubted but that such rapid victories had already decided the fate of Spain. We believed, and all Europe believed with us, that we had only to march upon Madrid in order to complete the subjection of the kingdom and to organize it in the French way; that is, to encrease our means of further conquests by all the resources of the vanquished enemy. The wars in which we had heretofore been engaged had accustomed us to see in a

nation only its military forces, and to count for nothing the spirit which animated its citizens.

The 26th of November, marshal Ney's army moved by Cascante upon Borja. A division under general Maurice Mathieu preceded us by one day's march, making many prisoners as it advanced. On the 27th we arrived at Alagon, a large village, four leagues from Saragossa, whose numerous spires we beheld from a distance. The Arragonese had not suffered themselves to be discouraged by the recent disasters of their armies; they had resolved to defend Saragossa. They had not been able to surround themselves with regular fortifications; but they had converted each house into a separate fortress, and every convent, every dwelling required a distinct assault. This kind of fortification is perhaps the most efficient of any to protract a siege.

Palafox had just thrown himself into the city with a body of ten thousand men whom he had saved after the battle of Tudela; and those same soldiers of the army of Arragon, whom we had defeated with scarcely an effort, in the open country, made within the walls of their principal town a resistance which lasted nearly a twelvemonth.

Fifty thousand armed peasants were hastening to the defence of Saragossa; they precipitated themselves from every quarter into that city, through our victorious columns, fearful of arriving too late at the spot where they were summoned by the impulse of their souls and the love of country. "The mira-

culous Virgin del Pilar," they said, "has protected us for ages; in the days of peace we crowded in pilgrimage to her shrine to solicit from her abundant harvests; we will not now, in the hour of her distress, leave her altars without defence."

The character of the Spaniards of these provinces resembles in no particular that of the other nations of Europe. Their patriotism is emphatically religious like that of the ancients, who never yielded to despair or acknowledged themselves vanquished, in spite of repeated defeats, so long as they preserved unmolested the altars of their tutelary deities. The sacred eagles of the god of the capitol conducted the Romans to victory; and when, subsequently to the days of chivalry, modern armies were organized after the method of the Romans, the point of honour was substituted among regular troops for the religious sentiment which attached the soldiers of Rome to their standards. Discipline founded on the military point of honour has caused armies to triumph in our days; but political or religious enthusiasm alone can render nations unconquerable.

The Spaniards were generally and solely animated by a sentiment of religious patriotism; they had no practical acquaintance with discipline and the laws of war. They abandoned their colours without scruple after a defeat; they did not hold themselves bound to keep faith with their enemies; they had but one motive, one wish, and that was to wreak their vengeance by all possible methods on the

French for the evils they were inflicting upon their country.

One of these armed peasants was overtaken by some of our scouts; he was armed with a fowling-piece, and was driving before him an ass loaded with provisions. The officer who commanded our advance, taking pity of him, gave orders to leave him at liberty, and made signs to him to escape into the mountain. The peasant at first seemed to understand; left to himself, he loaded his gun, and returned soon afterwards into the midst of our men to take deliberate aim at his deliverer. The piece was fortunately turned aside. This Spaniard expected to die a martyr, for killing one whom he mistook for one of our principal officers. When we halted, he was conducted before the colonel of our regiment.

We surrounded him, curious to observe him; a gesture of one of our hussars having induced him to think he was about to be shot, he knelt down without betraying the least mark of fear, prayed to God and to the Virgin Mary, and thus awaited the execution of his sentence. He was raised up, and sent in the evening to head-quarters. If these people had known how to fight as well as how to die, we should not have crossed the Pyrenees so easily.

Marshal Lannes's army remained in Arragon to besiege Saragossa; marshal Ney's continued by forced marches to pursue the fragments of Castaños's forces, which were retiring upon Guadalaxara and Madrid. On the 28th the advanced division cut to pieces

the rear-guard of the Spaniards, who attempted to defend the pass of Briviesca on the Xalon.

The march of our troops was often continued after night; and it was usual, in passing near the different squadrons, to hear Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen singing their national songs, thus forgetting their fatigues, and renewing the recollection, in a far distant and hostile land, of their regretted home.

The army sometimes halted late at night near deserted villages or hamlets, and we often found ourselves, on arriving, in want of every necessary; but the soldiers dispersed in all directions, and in less than an hour they would transport to their bivouac every thing which had been left in the neighbouring habitations.

The large fires, kindled at regular distances from each other, were surrounded with all the articles requisite for military cookery. In one place the men were hastily raising wooden huts, which they roofed with leaves when they could not find straw; in another, tents were made, by stretching upon four stakes the various stuffs which had been found in the deserted houses. Here and there lay scattered over the ground the skins of the sheep which had been recently slaughtered, guitars, earthen jugs, skins of wine, monks' frocks, clothing of every shape and of every colour; yonder lay some horsemen, sleeping in arms by the side of their horses,—further on were soldiers of the infantry, disguised in women's clothes, dan-

cing amidst their stacks of arms, to the sound of discordant music.

Immediately on the departure of the army, the peasants came down from the neighbouring heights, and sallied, as it were out of the bowels of the earth, from the places in which they had concealed themselves; they hastened back to their dwellings. Our men could not straggle from the route of the army or remain behind the columns, without exposing themselves to be assassinated by the mountaineers; and we no longer dared, as in Germany, to form in various places dépots for our sick, or send them without escorts to the hospitals. The foot soldiers, who were too weak to walk, followed their divisions mounted upon asses; they carried their muskets in their left hands, and in their right their bayonets by way of goads. These peaceful animals had neither saddles nor bridles; as in days of yore, the horses of the unvanquished Numidians.

The first of December, we halted for the night at a village situated one league north of Guadalaxara. The billets had been distributed; we were just going to dismiss our men and to disperse through the cantonment, when it was announced that some of the enemy's soldiers were seen making their escape at a considerable distance. It appeared difficult to overtake them; but two or three of the youngest among us made a frolic of pursuing them, having first obtained our colonel's permission to do so. I attached myself particularly to one who was running

faster than the rest. He had on a green uniform, which looked tolerably smart; and this made me take him at a distance for an officer. He soon found that he could not escape; he then stopped and waited for me on the other side of a ditch, which he sprang over with great agility. I thought at first that he was going to fire his piece at me; but when I was within twenty paces of him, he dropped his gun, pulled off his hat, and said, while making me several profound bows in various postures—"Sir, I have the honour to salute you; Sir, I am your very humble servant." I stopped, as much surprised at his grotesque appearance, as at hearing him speak French. I tranquillized him, by saying that he had nothing to fear. He informed me that he was a professor of dancing, born at Toulouse; that at the time of the levy in mass, which took place in Andalusia, he had been put for a fortnight in the pillory, to force him to enlist in the regiment of Ferdinand the Seventh, of which he wore the uniform; a thing, he assured me, inexpressibly annoying to one of his pacific disposition. I ordered him to go to the village where our regiment was. We also made prisoner another Frenchman, who was the son of one of the principal magistrates of Pau in Béarn.*

* Only the latter of these Frenchmen joined our regiment; he was furnished with means to make his escape some days afterwards. He had not been sent to the dépot of prisoners, for fear of exposing him to be shot for having been found in arms and with the Spanish uniform.

Hurried on by the ardour of the chase and by the impetuosity of my horse, I climbed a hill which was before me, then another; I crossed a rapid stream, and arrived, after half an hour's hard riding, at a large village, which I entered. The inhabitants having seen me approach, were apprehensive that I was followed by a numerous troop. The alarm was immediately spread among them, and they had all taken refuge in their houses, where they were busy in barricading their doors, preparing, according to custom, to make their escape over the walls of their back yards; but seeing that I was alone, they by degrees came out of their dwellings, and joined me on the market place, where I had halted. I heard some of the men repeat with energy the word *matar;* as I did not then understand Spanish, I thought that this was an expression of surprise at seeing a stranger; I afterwards learnt that it meant to *kill.* The Spaniards were not as docile as the inhabitants of the plains of Germany, where a single French soldier gave law to a whole village. When I saw the crowd increasing, and the agitation considerable, I began to suspect that they intended to make me prisoner, and deliver me up to the enemy. I clapt spurs to my horse, and posted myself on a hillock, whither the men and even the women soon followed me; I then leapt my horse backwards and forwards over a low wall and ditch which were behind me, to show them that I was not afraid of them, and could make my escape whenever I thought proper. Attracted by curiosity

(for this was the first time since we had crossed the Ebro, that I had seen a village not abandoned by its inhabitants, and by the females particularly) I returned to the hillock where I had first stopped; I made signs with my scabbard to the people, who were again advancing towards me, not to come within ten steps, and I tried to make them understand that my horse wanted some provender. The inhabitants, wrapped in their large cloaks, looked at me in silence with a sort of astonishment, preserving however in their looks and demeanour, the gravity and dignity which characterize the Castilians of all ages and classes; they seemed to hold in utter contempt a stranger who was unacquainted with their language.

Unable to make myself understood by signs, I tried some words of Latin; this language was often useful to us in Spain, in conversing with the priests, who generally speak it tolerably well. A young ecclesiastic left the crowd, and returned a few minutes afterwards with the village school-master; the latter was so well pleased at holding forth in Latin, and in explaining to me how he had attained such a height of science, that he procured for me every thing I wanted, and I left them soon afterwards. When our regiment passed through this village the next morning, it was completely deserted. I lost my way in the dark in returning to our cantonment, and joined my comrades only at midnight.

The following day, 2d of December, we cantoned

in the neighbourhood of Alcala de Hénarés; we met a squadron of Polish lancers, whom marshal Bessiéres had sent from Sant Augustin, to reconnoitre near Guadalaxara. We learnt from them that the vanguard of the army of the center had arrived before Madrid; we were now at three leagues distance only from that capital.

The emperor Napoleon had set out, on the 22d of November, from Burgos for Aranda, to observe and support, if necessary, the movements upon the Ebro of his army of the left, against the Spanish armies of the right. On the 30th of November, nine days after the affair of Tudela, the emperor had marched towards Madrid with the army of the center, by the direct route through the Castilles; he had left marshal Soult's corps on the borders of the Asturias, to keep in check the fragments of the Spanish army of Gallicia.

The advance guard of the emperor's army had arrived at day-break of the 30th, at the foot of the mountain called Somo Sierra. The *Puerto*, or passage of this mountain, was defended by a corps of from twelve to fifteen thousand Spaniards, and by a battery of sixteen pieces of artillery. Three regiments of infantry of the first corps, and six pieces of cannon, commenced the attack. The Polish lancers of the guard then charged on the main road, and carried at once the enemy's batteries. The Spaniards, too weak to resist the emperor's army, sought their safety in every direction among the rocks.

The emperor passed the night of the 1st of December at Sant Augustin. Marshal Ney's corps, to which our regiment was attached, had that same day joined the emperor's army by Guadalaxara and Alcala.

On the 2d of December in the morning, the emperor preceded the main body of the army, and arrived, with his cavalry only, at the heights in the neighbourhood of the Spanish capital. Instead of the order which is usually preserved at the advanced posts of fortified towns, where every event of war is foreseen and guarded against, instead of that silence which is only interrupted by the low and repeated cry of "all's well," when the centinels stationed around the rampart give notice of their mutual vigilance, there was heard at Madrid the tolling of the bells of its six hundred churches, mingling their sounds with the shrill shouts of its multitude, and the rolling of innumerable drums.

The inhabitants of Madrid had thought of defending themselves only a few days before the arrival of the French, and all their preparations bore the stamp of precipitation and inexperience. They had placed artillery behind trenches and barricades in some places, and in others had raised intrenchments with bales of wool and cotton. The houses at the entrance of the principal streets were filled with armed men placed at the windows, which were guarded with mattrasses. The Retiro alone had been fortified with some care; it is a royal palace, upon a height which

commands the city. An aide-de-camp of marshal Bessiéres went, according to custom, to summon Madrid; he was on the point of being torn to pieces by the people, when he proposed to them to surrender to the French, and he owed his life to the protection of the Spanish troops of the line.

The emperor Napoleon passed the evening in reconnoitering the environs of the city, and in forming his plan of attack.* The leading columns of infantry having arrived at seven o'clock at night, one brigade with four pieces of cannon marched upon the suburbs, and the light infantry of the 16th regiment, took possession of the great church-yard, after dislodging the Spaniards from some houses in the advance. The night was employed in placing the artillery, and making every preparation for an assault the following day.

A Spanish officer, taken at Somo Sierra, whom the prince of Neuchâtel sent into Madrid during the night, returned some hours afterwards to announce that the inhabitants persisted in defending themselves; and on the 3d in the morning, the cannonade commenced.

Thirty pieces of artillery under the orders of general Cénarmont, battered the walls of the Retiro in breach, whilst twenty more cannon, belonging to the guards, and some light troops made in another direction a false attack to divert the enemy's atten-

* Vide, note 3d.

tion, and oblige him to divide his forces. The sharp-shooters of Villate's division entered the garden of the Retiro by the breach, and were soon followed by the battalion to which they belonged, and in less than an hour the four thousand Spanish troops of the line, who defended this important position, were completely routed; at eleven o'clock our soldiers were in possession of the Observatory, the porcelain manufactory, the great barracks, and the hotel of Medina-Céli. The French, now masters of the Retiro, could in a few hours set fire to Madrid.

The cannonade then ceased; the troops were halted at every point, and a third flag of truce was sent into the city. It was of importance to the emperor to spare the capital of the kingdom, which he intended for his brother. One may establish a camp, but not a court, upon a heap of ruins. If Madrid had been reduced to ashes, it might, by its example, have excited a desperate resistance in every other city of the kingdom. Its destruction would moreover have deprived the French armies of immense resources.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, general Morla, chief of the military junta, and Don B. Yriarte, deputy from the city, returned with the French flag of truce. They were conducted to the prince of Neuchâtel's tent. They requested a suspension of hostilities during the whole of the 4th of December, that they might have time to persuade the populace to surrender. The emperor reproached them, with

the greatest apparent violence, with the non-execution of the convention of Baylen, and the massacre of the French prisoners in Andalusia. He wished by this feigned warmth, to frighten the Spanish deputies, in order that they might on their return communicate their terror to the men under their command. The emperor was anxious that the surrender of Madrid should have the appearance of a voluntary submission. It was generally believed that all Spain would then follow the example of the capital.

In the meantime the inhabitants refused to lay down their arms, and they continued to fire on the French from the windows of the houses which surround the Prado. We learnt from the prisoners, whom we were continually taking, the extent of consternation and fury which prevailed in the city. Fifty thousand inhabitants in arms and without discipline wandered through the streets, requiring tumultuously that orders should be given them to attack the enemy, and accusing their chiefs of treachery. The captain-general, Marquis de Castellar, and all the officers of rank left Madrid in the night with the regular troops and sixteen pieces of cannon. On the 4th of December, general Morla and Don F. de Vera returned to the prince of Neuchâtel's tent; and at ten o'clock the French troops took possession of Madrid.

The emperor remained encamped with his guards on the height of Chamartin. The very day of the capture of Madrid, conformably to his usual practice,

he detached numerous parties in all directions, to prevent the enemy from recollecting themselves, and to profit, after any great event, of the surprise and terror which almost always double the forces of the victor, and paralyse for a time those of the vanquished. Marshal Bessiéres pursued, with sixteen squadrons, the army of general La Penna, on the road to Valencia; the same army was pressed at Cuença, by the division of infantry of general Ruffin and the brigade of dragoons of general Bordesoult. Marshal Victor's corps went to Toledo by Aranjuez. The divisions of cavalry of generals Lasalle and Milhaud followed, upon Talavera de la Reyna, the fragments of the Spanish division which had been driven from Somo Sierra, and the troops which had escaped from Madrid. General La Houssaye entered the Escurial.

Our regiment had passed the 2d, 3d and 4th of December in the environs of Alcala, three leagues from Madrid. On the 5th we had orders to be at head-quarters, at an early hour, to be reviewed. In a few minutes after our arrival at a plain, near the castle of Chamartin, the emperor Napoleon suddenly made his appearance. He was accompanied by the prince of Neuchâtel and five or six aides-de-camp, who could scarcely keep up with him, such was the swiftness with which he rode. All the trumpets sounded; the emperor placed himself about a hundred paces in front of the center of our regiment, and asked the colonel for a list of the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, who had deserv-

ed military distinctions. The colonel called them out immediately by name. The emperor spoke familiarly with some of the privates who were presented to him; then addressing himself to the general who commanded the brigade to which we were attached, he asked him with rapidity two or three short questions; the general having begun to answer in a diffuse manner, the emperor turned his horse, and his departure was as unexpected and precipitate as had been his arrival.

After the review, we set out for Madrid. A melancholy silence had succeeded to the tumultuous and noisy agitation which prevailed the day before within and without the walls of that city. The streets through which we entered were deserted, and the numerous shops of the provision merchants were not yet re-established in the public squares. The water-carriers were the only inhabitants who had not interrupted their accustomed employment. They walked about, crying in the nasal drawling accent peculiar to their Gallician mountains: "*Quien quiere agua?*" Who wants water? As nobody presented himself to buy, the aguador would answer himself now and then in a melancholy tone; "*Dios que la da,*" God who gives it—and he would recommence his cry.

In advancing towards the center of Madrid, we beheld some groupes of Spaniards who were standing, wrapped in their great cloaks, at the corners of a square, where they were in the habit heretofore of

assembling in great numbers; they looked at us with a mournful and desponding air; their national pride was so great, that they could scarcely persuade themselves that any but Spanish soldiers could have conquered Spaniards. When they chanced to see in our ranks any of the horses which had been captured from the enemy's cavalry by our hussars, they recognized them at once by their paces, and would awake from their stupor, saying to each other; "*este cavallo es español,*" this is a Spanish horse—as if this had been the sole cause of our success.

We merely marched through Madrid; our regiment cantoned itself during sixteen days at Cevolla, not far from the banks of the Tagus, in the direction of Talavera, and then returned, on the 19th December, to make part of the garrison of Madrid. The inhabitants of the capital and its neighbourhood had recovered from their excessive astonishment. They had by degrees become accustomed to see the French. The army preserved the severest discipline, and tranquillity prevailed, at least in appearance, as in a time of profound peace.

One is surprised on entering Madrid in the morning by the gate of Toledo and the square de la Cevada, where the market is held, at the tumultuous concourse of country people, in different costumes, who are arriving, setting out, moving backwards and forwards. Here a Castilian raises with an air of dignity the folds of his large cloak, like a Roman senator wrapped in his toga. There a drover

from La Mancha, with a long goad in his hand, is covered with a capotte of buffalo skin, shaped like the tunic of the ancient Goths and Roman soldiers. Farther on you will see men, whose hair are enclosed in long silken nets; others wear a sort of short brown vest, slashed with blue and red, and which recals to mind the Moorish garments. Those who have the latter dress come from Andalusia; you know them by their sharp black eyes, their expressive and animated look, their rapid mode of speaking. Women, stationed at the corners of the streets and squares, are busy cooking victuals for all these people, who are only temporarily in the city.

You behold long files of mules arriving, laden with skins of wine and oil, or else numerous bands of asses conducted by a single man, who is always speaking to them. You will also meet carriages drawn by eight or ten mules, adorned with bells, and which a single coachman drives with surprising address, either at a trot or a gallop, without reins, governing them by his voice alone, with loud and savage cries. A long and sharp whistle from the driver, suffices to stop all these mules at the same instant. On seeing their slim legs, their lofty stature, their elevated heads and spirited looks, one might mistake them for stags or elks. The clamours of the wagoners and muleteers, the tolling of the church bells, which are never silent, the sight of these men dressed in so many different ways, their vivacity and activity manifested by expressive gestures or by

shouts in a sonorous language which was unknown to us, their manners so different from ours, gave to the capital of Spain an appearance altogether extraordinary, especially in the eyes of men lately arrived from the north of Europe, where all the business of life is carried on in silence. We were the more struck with what we beheld, as Madrid was the first great town we had found inhabited since our entrance into Spain.

At the hour of the Siesta, particularly in summer, during the heat of the day, every noise was suspended, the whole city was wrapped in sleep, and there was no longer any thing heard in the streets but the tramping of some of our patroles of cavalry, or the drum of some detachment of foot, which was relieving its sentries. The same French drum had perhaps served heretofore to beat the march and the charge in Alexandria, Cairo, Rome, and in almost every town of Europe, from Konigsberg in Prussia to Madrid, where we now were.

Our regiment remained almost a month in the capital of Spain. I was lodged at an old gentleman's, of distinguished rank, who lived alone with his daughter. He used to go regularly twice in each day to church, and once a-day to the square *del Sol* to hear the news. He would sit down, on returning home, in a saloon where he passed the whole day doing nothing. Sometimes he lighted his cigar, and dissipated the weariness of thought by smoking; he rarely opened his lips; I never saw him laugh;

he would only exclaim, every half hour, with a deep sigh: "*Ay Jesus!*" his daughter uttered the same words in response, and they would both resume their accustomed silence. A priest who was the spiritual director of the family, came every day to visit my landlord, with as much assiduity as a physician manifests for his patients. He wore a light coloured wig, to conceal his priest's tonsure, and was dressed like an ordinary citizen, pretending that he durst not wear his clerical dress, for fear of having his throat cut by our soldiers; this useless disguise had no other object than to encrease the violent irritation which existed against the French.

Although Madrid appeared perfectly tranquil, our regiment always held itself in readiness to mount, and the horses remained constantly saddled, as if we had been at the advance posts in presence of an enemy. Eleven hundred determined Spaniards were, it was said, concealed in the town since the capitulation, preparing to excite the inhabitants to insurrection, and to put to death all the French, on the first favourable opportunity.

We experienced, amidst the shouts of victory which were echoed by our bulletins, a confused sense of uncertainty respecting the advantages which we had gained; it seemed as if we had conquered upon a volcano. The emperor did not make his triumphal entrance into Madrid as in the other capitals of Europe; it was said that he was prevented by forms of etiquette, relative to his brother Joseph,

whom he already regarded as a foreign sovereign. From the heights of Chamartin, where he was encamped with his guards, he issued daily decrees for the government of Spain, in expectation of the approaching submission of the whole kingdom.

The thundering proclamations of the emperor Napoleon announced his triumphs to startled Europe, and threatened terrible consequences to those parts of the peninsula which yet resisted. The provinces however did not seem disposed to make separate proposals to soften the implacable conqueror, and to divert the fatal blow which menaced them. Nobody presented himself to lay at the feet of Napoleon, together with the exacted tribute, those obsequious eulogiums to which other nations had accustomed him. The deputations from Madrid, and some local magistrates, who were forced to come by our own troops, alone offered at the imperial quarters at Chamartin, a homage dictated by fear. Twelve hundred heads of families, chosen in Madrid itself, were summoned to swear fidelity to Joseph; but the priests themselves, who administered the oath, had long before, it was said, absolved them from any obligations they might contract with their conquerors.

The reduction of the religious orders and the abolition of the inquisition, which had been proclaimed by the French authorities, far from causing us to be viewed as deliverers, increased the hatred borne to us by the priesthood and its numberless partisans.

The monks of every order, who had been driven from their convents, spread themselves over the country, and everywhere preached against us. Covering, with the mask of religious zeal, the resentment which they felt at being despoiled of their wealth, they excited the people to revenge by all possible means. The priests declared loudly that the inquisition had been established against foreigners only; that without the inquisition, all religious principle would have been long ago destroyed in Spain, as it had been for twenty years past in France.

The inquisition had been greatly modified within the last century. It no longer inspired the Spaniards with fear; and many enlightened persons had even adopted the opinion that it was necessary, under so weak a government, as the organ of restraining the people, and of checking the power of the inferior clergy. The poor complained of not knowing where to seek, in future years of scarcity, the daily nourishment which they formerly received at the doors of the convents.

This religious people could not comprehend how institutions which they believed to have existed for ever, could cease to be; and in those times of distress, every change operated by the hands of their enemies, appeared to them an act of impiety.

A few days after the capture of Madrid, while our regiment was yet cantoned on the Tagus, I was ordered to carry to marshal Lefêvre an open despatch from general Lasalle, who was in advance of us at

Talavera. The marshal was to read the despatch, and then forward it to the prince of Neuchâtel. I met at sun-set marshal Lefêvre at Maquéda, as he was arriving from Casa Rubios; in order to save his aides-de-camp some fatigue, he ordered me to continue my journey and to carry in person the letters, with which I was charged, to the imperial head-quarters. Being obliged to ride post, I left my horse at Maquéda, and mounted a mule which the adjutant-general obliged the alcade of the place to furnish.

I was soon on my way, in a very dark night; a Spanish peasant, who was to serve as my guide, preceded me, mounted on the mule which matched mine. When we had travelled about a league, my guide tumbled off, and his mule galloped away, to return, I suppose, to its village. I thought that the countryman, hurt by his fall, had fainted, and I dismounted for the purpose of assisting him. I looked in vain for him at the spot where I had heard him fall; he had slipped into some neighbouring bushes, and had disappeared. I remounted my mule, not well knowing how I should find my way. The restive animal missing its companion, would neither go forwards nor backwards. The more I spurred, the more it kicked; my blows, my oaths, my threats in French had no effect but that of making it more stubborn. I did not know its name; I was then ignorant that every mule in Spain has one, and that to make it travel, I should have said in Spanish—"go, mule—go, captain—go, Aragonese, &c." Having

dismounted to tighten my saddle-girth the impatient beast jumped aside, and directed a kick at my breast which laid me on the ground, and then ran off by an adjoining path. When I recovered from my fall, I set out in pursuit with all my speed, guided by the noise of my stirrups, which, the saddle having turned, dragged upon the stones. After running about half a league, I found the saddle, the mule having managed to get rid of it. I took it up on my back, and soon afterwards entered a large village, where the advance of one of marshal Lefêvre's brigades had just arrived. I procured a horse from the alcade, and resumed my journey, taking good care to keep always close to my guide.

There was no French guard at the village where I changed horses the second time. The post-master opened the door for me himself; he was a stout dry-looking old man. He called up a postilion, and told him to saddle an aged horse which could scarcely stand; its fore legs were bent like a bow. I raised my voice and began to threaten the post-master, pointing out at the same time the horse which I chose to take. The old fellow was not in the least terrified; he took me by the hand with a tranquillity which immediately calmed my anger, and desiring me not to make a noise, he showed me at the other end of the stable, thirty or forty peasants who were sleeping on the straw. I took his advice and mounted the wretched hack without uttering a word, surprised at the different sentiments which were indicated by

this singular adventure, and reflecting on the numberless difficulties which the hatred of the Spaniards presented to us, notwithstanding all our victories.

I arrived at Chamartin an hour after night-fall. The prince of Neuchâtel was waked by one of his aides; I delivered my letters, and was sent back the same evening at eleven o'clock, to my corps with new despatches for marshal Victor. I reached Aranjuez in the morning; the commandant of the place advised me to wait for a detachment which was about to set out for Toledo. The director of the posts, belonging to the first corps, had been massacred the day before on the road, in consequence of having preceded his escort only by a few minutes. The orders which I was carrying, I had been informed, were important, and I continued my journey on a little horse which had been pressed for my use. Being alone, I was obliged to serve as my own van, flank, and rear-guard, riding to the top of every hill at full speed, and looking sharply about me in every direction for fear of a surprise.

The wild horses of the royal haras, mingled with stags and deer, fled at my approach in troops of fifty or sixty. When I had ridden some leagues beyond Aranjuez, I saw at a distance two Spanish peasants, who had just bound a French soldier, whom they were dragging into the bushes to cut his throat. I advanced on them at full speed, and was fortunately in time to rescue the poor prisoner; he was an infantry soldier, who had come out of the hospital at

Aranjuez the day before; overcome by lassitude, he had seated himself for a few moments, while his comrades continued their march. I escorted him to his detachment, which had halted at no great distance, and proceeded on my way.

Nothing could be more horrid than the sight which afterwards presented itself to me. At every step I found the mutilated bodies of Frenchmen, murdered the preceding days, and bloody scraps of clothing scattered here and there. Recent marks on the dust indicated the struggles which some of these unhappy men had made, and the long tortures which they must have endured before they expired. The brass plates of their caps alone showed that they had been soldiers. The men, who thus attacked the French on the road to Toledo, were the keepers of the royal haras, united with peasants who had abandoned their villages; they had acquired ferocious habits in the wandering life to which they were now accustomed.

I delivered my despatches to marshal Victor, and returned to my regiment on the day when it entered Madrid, where it was to remain in garrison.

The Spaniards of the plains of Castille were already recovering from the panic caused by our arrival. The inhabitants of the places we occupied had retired into the woods and mountains with their wives and children; they watched our motions and lay in ambush near the main roads, in order to intercept our couriers, and to fall unexpectedly on such small detachments as they thought themselves able to cope

with. Every day we had accounts of disasters happening to the parties which were left behind, to keep up our communications. Wherever we established posts, consisting of a dozen or fifteen men, as had been the practice in our German wars, they were sure to be cut off.

The Spanish Junta had retired to Mérida, and from thence to Seville. It had sent orders to the alcades and curates, even those residing in the towns held by us, to invite the militia to return to their respective corps; these men travelled at night and through by-roads, to avoid meeting with our troops. Thus the dispersed armies of the Spaniards continually arose from their defeats with inconceivable rapidity. When the army of Castaños arrived at Cuença after having been beaten at Tudela, it was reduced to nine thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry; one month afterwards, at the affair of Uclés, the same army was more than twenty-five thousand strong. After the defeat of General Blake at Espinosa, the marquis de la Romana had with much difficulty assembled five thousand soldiers in Gallicia; in the beginning of December he had collected twenty-two thousand men near the city of Léon.

Although the Spanish Junta formed but a feeble and ill-assorted administration, it had great influence when it seconded the movement which the nation had commenced of its own accord; and this movement was the more lasting as it was entirely volun-

tary. The Spanish generals, like the government, had no authority except when they acted in conformity with the opinion of those under their command. They could neither restrain their soldiers after success, nor keep them together after discomfiture; these undisciplined bands hurried their chiefs with them, whether to victory or in flight. The pride of the Spaniards was so great, that they never would ascribe their defeats to want of experience, or to the military superiority of their adversaries; when they were beaten, they accused their commanders of treachery. General San Juan was hanged by his soldiers at Talavera; general La Peña was dismissed by the army of Andalusia, and the duke Del Infantado was obliged to accept, at Cuença, the command of the forces.*

The Spaniards were a brave and religious, but not a military people; they detested and despised whatever belonged to regular troops. In consequence they were in want of good officers, non-commissioned officers, and of every thing which constitutes a well-regulated army. They considered the present war as a religious crusade against the French, in defence of their country and of their king; a red ribbon with the inscription, "*vincer o morir pro patria et pro Ferdinando septimo*," was the only military decoration of the greater number of these citizen-soldiers. On the first summons, the men of all the provinces assembled

* Vid. note 4.

almost naked, in those great crowds which they called their armies; and their ardour for victory made them endure, with wonderful patience, privations which the severest discipline could not have imposed on regular troops. The people of the provinces manifested on all occasions the utmost incredulity respecting the advantages which we gained. No Spaniard would believe in the defeat of Spain, and acknowledge her vanquished. This sentiment, which pervaded every breast, rendered the nation invincible, in spite of the disasters and losses which attended their armies.

The English had entered Spain towards the close of the year 1808. Thirteen thousand soldiers, under general Sir D. Baird, had landed at Coruña on the 14th of October, and had advanced to Astorga by the way of Lugo.* Another army of twenty-one thousand men, under general Moore, commander in chief of the British forces, had set out from Lisbon the 27th of the same month; the latter had arrived in Estremadura by the way of Almeida, Ciudad-Rodrigo, Alcantara and Mérida. The division which advanced by Mérida, had reached the Escurial on the 22d November. All the British troops in the peninsula were to be united at Salamanca and Valladolid, to reinforce the central Spanish army before Burgos. When the latter was dispersed, as well as that of general Blake in the Asturias, Sir David Baird retreated from Astorga to Villa Franca; and some time

* Vide Note 5.

afterwards, when the French marched upon Madrid after the affair of Tudela, general Moore recalled the English corps which had reached the Escurial, and concentrated his forces near Salamanca. The British army remained nearly a month at Villa Franca and Salamanca, uncertain what to do; they could neither advance upon the immense forces of the French, nor retreat, for fear of discouraging the people of Spain, and dispiriting the national ardour, which existed notwithstanding so many misfortunes.

There was a momentary misunderstanding between the English and Spaniards, which interfered with the concert of their military operations. The Spaniards, forgetting that the English were only auxiliaries in their quarrel, reproached them with the slowness of their first marches, and soon afterwards with their immobility. The English commander in his turn accused the Spaniards of having constantly concealed from him their real situation and their defeats, and of having always exaggerated the extent of their means of resistance. He was deceived, as well as the chief of the French, respecting the Spanish character, and continually mistook for weakness, all that patriotism induces men to do, and to say, when they are without military resources, but strong in their love of country. Such men are unconquerable precisely because they exaggerate their resources, without being conscious that they do so.

The Spaniards went so far as to persuade them-

selves that the English intended to abandon them to their fate. The French also believed, in conformity with the general opinion, that the English no longer thought but of re-embarking at Lisbon and Coruña; they even sent marshal Lefêvre in advance of Talavera towards Badajos, to threaten general Moore's communications and oblige him to return down the Tagus. General Soult, who had remained on the frontiers of the kingdom of Leon, was preparing to enter Gallicia; he was about to be reinforced by the corps of general Junot, who was on his march from France and advancing upon Burgos.

During these occurrences news was brought on the 21st of December to head-quarters at Chamartin, that one of general Franceschi's posts had been surprised, in the night between the 12th and 13th, at Rueda, and that parties of English cavalry had been scouring the country, up to the very gates of Valladolid.

These advanced parties belonged to the army under general Moore, who had left Salamanca on the 13th December, and had crossed the Duero to form a junction with the 13,000 men under general Baird; their intention was to make, with the troops under the marquis de la Romana, a combined attack on general Soult, who was occupying, with 15,000 men, the small towns of Guarda, Saldanas and Sahagun, on the little river Cea. On the 21st a brigade of English cavalry, under general Paget, attacked

and defeated a regiment of French dragoons which had been left by general Soult at Sahagun.

The emperor Napoleon, informed of this movement of the English, set out on the 22d from Madrid, with his guards and marshal Ney's corps, to cut off their retreat upon Coruña. He arrived, the 23d, at Villa-Castin, the 25th at Tordesillas, the 27th at Médina de Rio-Seco, and the 29th of December in the morning, his vanguard, composed of three squadrons of mounted chasseurs under general Lefêvre, appeared before Benevente, where lay the English army.

General Lefêvre, finding the bridge upon the Esla destroyed, forded that river and drove the English advanced posts back to the gates of the town. This officer, in the ardour of pursuit, neglected to rally his men and to reconnoitre in his front; he was soon engaged with the enemy's rear-guard. The French chasseurs were forced to recross the Esla; and sixty men wounded or dismounted, among whom was the general, fell into the hands of the English. The chasseurs formed on the opposite bank of the river, and were preparing to make a desperate charge to rescue their chief, when the English brought two pieces of light artillery rapidly up to the ruined bridge and poured a shower of grape shot on the French squadrons, which obliged them to retreat.

The Anglo-Spanish armies had been informed of the emperor Napoleon's march at the very moment

when they were making ready to attack marshal Soult at the village of Carion; they had retreated hastily, as early as the 24th, upon Astorga and Benevente, by the routes of Mayorga, Valencia and Mancilla. They would probably have been cut off from the defilees of Gallicia, if the French had not been delayed in their progress by the snow, which had lately fallen in the Sierra de Guadarama, and by the torrents which had overflowed their banks.

The emperor arrived on the 30th December at Benevente; he did not proceed beyond Astorga, returned the 7th of January to Valladolid with his guards, and a few days afterwards he was in France, making preparations to march against Austria.

Marshal Ney remained at Astorga, to guard the passes of Gallicia, and to organize the country; marshal Soult continued in pursuit of general Moore's army, in the direction of Coruña. The country, which the English had left behind them, was entirely destroyed; marshal Soult's troops were obliged to seek provisions every evening at great distances from the main road, which circumstance encreased their fatigue and considerably retarded their march. The advance of marshal Soult's corps, however, overtook at Villa-Franca and afterwards at Lugo, the enemy's reserve; but the French were not in sufficient force to molest them. In an engagement which took place before the latter of these towns, we lost general Colbert, of the cavalry.

On the 16th the English were forced to give battle

before Coruña, previously to embarking; the affair was bloody and well contested. The French at first gained ground on the enemy; but the English recovered towards the end of the day the strong position, which they had occupied in order to cover the anchorage of their fleet, and embarked in the night between the 16th and 17th. General Moore was struck by a cannon-ball during the battle, at the moment that he was leading back to the charge a corps which had given way.

The marquis de la Romana's army had dispersed itself in the mountains west of Astorga. The town of Coruña, surrounded with fortifications, was defended by its citizens, and capitulated only on the 20th. The British troops suffered, during their retreat, all the evils to which an army is exposed when pursued with ardour, and when the soldiery is exasperated by excessive fatigue. Without having been on any occasion worsted in battle, they lost more than ten thousand men, their military chest, much baggage, and almost all their cavalry horses.

It is not easy to understand what were the motives which induced Sir John Moore to risk the destruction of his whole army, by undertaking against marshal Soult's corps an expedition of which the result must, in every event, have been very uncertain; as the marshal had it in his power to retreat upon Burgos and to be reinforced by general Junot. By moving upon Saldanas, general Moore gave the emperor Napoleon, who was preparing to return to

France, an opportunity of attacking him with all his forces united.

The English commander might have moved from Salamanca, behind the bridge of Almaraz upon the Tagus, to an almost impregnable position, and have re-organized the Spanish armies; this was what the French were apprehensive of. He ought, at any rate, after leaving Salamanca, to have retreated upon Lisbon instead of Coruña, in order to move upon the shortest line, and to give marshals Lefêvre and Soult a longer line of communication to guard, and thus to weaken them by the necessity of leaving numerous detachments behind them. The troops of La Romana, and the peasants of Gallicia and Portugal, would, in consequence, have had many opportunities of carrying on their partizan warfare against the French. This last plan of operations has been subsequently executed with great success, by Sir Arthur Wellesley.

It is said that general Moore was deceived by false reports, and that he was induced, contrary to his own judgment, and against his wishes, to break through the rules of military science on this occasion.* After all, it is easy to judge of things after the event; the difficulty, in every enterprise, consists in calculating the probable result.

Whilst marshal Soult's corps was expelling the British from Gallicia, the Spanish army of Andalusia was making, in the vicinity of Cuença, various move-

* Vide, note 6.

ments which seemed to threaten Madrid. Marshal Victor left Toledo on the 10th of January, with the first corps, to oppose this army, which was commanded by the duke del Infantado.

The first corps was some days in the neighbourhood of Ocaña, advancing slowly, without receiving any intelligence of the enemy. Whether by chance, or from ignorance of the country, the French divisions found themselves, on the morning of the 13th, so entangled among those of the Spaniards, that without any intention of turning them, the latter thought themselves surrounded.

Villate's division was the first that encountered part of the Spanish army, drawn up in order of battle on the summit of an elevated and steep hill. The Spaniards confided in the strength of their position rather than in the experience of their troops, which consisted principally of new levies. When they beheld the intrepidity and coolness with which the French were climbing, with supported arms, the rocks which interposed between them, they broke their ranks after a single discharge, and met in their flight, near Alcazar, Ruffin's division, which in looking for the enemy had, without being aware of it, gotten into their rear. Several thousand Spaniards were then forced to lay down their arms; a panic seized their whole army, and the different corps which composed it precipitated themselves blindly in every direction. Some of the enemy's columns, which were endeavouring to make their es-

cape, wandered into the park of artillery under general Cénarmont, where they were received with showers of grape-shot which obliged them to alter their direction. One French field-piece, of which the horses were excessively fatigued, was met by the Spanish cavalry; the latter made way for it, and filed off in silence by the sides of the road. The French made upwards of ten thousand prisoners, and took forty pieces of cannon which the Spaniards had abandoned. If the division of dragoons under general Latour-Maubourg had not been too much fatigued to pursue the enemy, the whole Spanish army must have fallen into our hands.

On the 13th of January, the day when the affair of Uclés took place, our regiment left Madrid to join the first corps. The 14th we slept at Ocaña; the 15th, in the morning, we met at three leagues distance from that place, the Spanish prisoners coming from Uclés, and on their way to Madrid. Many of these unfortunate fellows fell down, worn out by fatigue; others died from want of sustenance; when they could no longer stand on their legs, they were shot without mercy. This sanguinary order had been given in return for the Spaniards hanging all the French whom they took. Such violent measures adopted against disarmed enemies, whose weakness itself ought to have protected them, could by no means be justified under the necessity of reprisals; with impolicy equal to their cruelty, the framers of such orders defeated the great object of victory,

which was the lasting submission of the vanquished. They had indeed the effect of preventing the Spanish peasants from joining their armies, but the consequence was, that a war of ambuscade succeeded one of regular battles, (in the latter of which our eminent superiority in tactics always insured victory,) and took away the chance of subduing by mildness, men already half prepared, by military discipline, to support the curb of authority. The French, with only four hundred thousand men, were about to find themselves engaged in conflict against twelve millions of human beings, animated by hatred, despair, and vengeance.

One of these Spaniards particularly attracted our attention; he was stretched upon his back, mortally wounded; his long black mustachios, mingled with some grey hairs, and his uniform, showed him to be an old soldier; he uttered only inarticulate sounds, whilst invoking the holy virgin and the saints. We endeavoured to restore him to life by making him swallow some brandy, but he expired a few minutes afterwards.

Nothing is more shocking than to follow, at some distance, the progress of a victorious army. As we had had no share in the success of our comrades, who had just beaten the enemy before us, no remembrance of our own dangers, fatigues, and sufferings served to allay the horror of the sights which presented themselves before us at every step. We were traversing a deserted and plundered country, we

lodged pell-mell with the dead and the wounded, who dragged themselves through the mud to the houses in the neighbourhood of the action, there to die without assistance.

We joined the army at Cuença, and took up, for some days, cantonments near San Clemente and at Belmonte. We were waiting for our artillery, which could travel with the utmost difficulty only from one to two leagues in a day. The winter rains had rendered the roads so heavy, that it was often necessary to join several sets of horses together to drag one single piece. We afterwards traversed the native country of Don Quixote on our way to Consuegra and Madrilejos. El Toboso exactly resembles the description given of it by Cervantes, in his immortal history of the hero of La Mancha. If this imaginary personage was not, in real life, of great service to widows and orphans, his memory, at least, protected from the disasters of war the supposed birth-place of his Dulcinea. When our soldiers saw a woman at a window, they would exclaim with bursts of laughter,—"there's Dulcinea." Their gaiety encouraged the inhabitants; far from making their escape, as was usually the case, at first sight of our advanced guards, they assembled to see us pass. The jokes about Dulcinea and Don Quixote served as a common topic of conversation between our men and the inhabitants of El Toboso; and the French, being kindly received, treated in turn their hosts with gentleness.

We remained more than a month cantoned in La Mancha. Whether we were lodged in houses, or bivouacked in the fields, our mode of living was the same; only that instead of going from one house to another we used to leave our own fires to visit those of our comrades. There we passed the long nights in drinking, or talking over the events of the present war, or else in hearing the recital of former campaigns. Sometimes a horse, uneasy with the chillness of night, would tear up the picket to which he was tied, and approaching the fire would quietly warm his nostrils; as if this old servant meant to remind us, that he too had been at the battle which was the subject of discourse.

The life of alternate repose and agitation which we led, had its charms as well as its hardships. When we were in presence of the enemy, we saw, at almost every hour of the day, detachments marching off and others returning, bringing with them news, after a long absence, from the furthest parts of Spain. When we received orders to be in readiness to mount our horses, it was a chance whether we should immediately be marched to France, to Germany, to the extremities of Europe, or only on a short expedition. When we halted in any place, it was uncertain whether we should remain there a few hours only, or for several months. The longest and most monotonous expectation was borne without impatience, because we had always the prospect of some unforeseen adventure. We were frequently

destitute of all the necessaries of life; but we consoled ourselves under our privations, by the hope of an approaching change. When we found ourselves in possession of abundance, we hastened to enjoy it; we lived as fast as we could; we did every thing fast, because we knew that nothing was to be of long duration. When the roar of cannon announced an approaching attack on the enemy's lines, and the different regiments were moving rapidly to the scene of action, brothers and friends, serving in different corps, would recognize each other, and stop for a moment to bid a hasty farewell; their swords would jingle against each other, their plumes cross as they embraced, and they promptly resumed their places in the ranks.

The habit of encountering dangers caused death to be regarded as one of the most ordinary circumstances of life. Our wounded companions excited sympathy; but when they had ceased to live, an indifference, approaching to irony, was manifested. When the soldiers recognized, as they went along, one of their comrades lying among the dead, they would say, "such-a-one wants nothing now, he will never beat his horse again, he can't get drunk any more," or make other similar observations, which showed, in those who uttered them, a stoical contempt of existence;—such were the funeral orations pronounced over those of our warriors who perished in battle.

The different descriptions of troops which compo-

sed our army, the cavalry and infantry especially, differed much in their habits and manners. The foot soldier, having nothing to care for but himself and his musket, was an egotist, slept much and talked more. Constrained, when in the field, by the dread of disgrace, to march as long as he had life, he was without pity in the occurrences of war, and when opportunity offered itself, made others suffer as he had himself suffered. He would reason, and sometimes insolently, with his officers; but amidst the hardships which he endured, a jest would bring him back to his duty, and restore his good humour. He forgot every dissatisfaction, as soon as a gun of the enemy was fired.

The hussars and chasseurs were generally accused of being plunderers, prodigal, fond of drinking, and apt to think every thing permitted them when in presence of the enemy. Accustomed to sleep, as it were, with one eye open, to patrole the line of march in advance of the army, to guard against the ambush of the enemy, to guess at the slightest track, to search ravines, to see like the eagle at a distance in the plains, they necessarily acquired an extraordinary degree of mental acuteness and habits of independence. Nevertheless, they were always silent and submissive before their officers, from the fear of being deprived of their horses.

Smoking incessantly to stupify life, the light-horseman braved in every climate, under his large cloak, the rigour of the seasons. The horse and his

rider, accustomed to live together, contracted a resemblance to each other. The man was animated by his horse, and the horse by his master. When a tippling hussar pushed his rapid charger into ravines or amidst precipices, the horse would assume the superiority, which reason had before given to the man; he would calculate his strength, exert his prudence, avoid the dangers which presented themselves, and after some windings would always return to his rank and resume his proper place. Sometimes too, on a march, the horse would slacken his pace, or incline to one side or the other, to keep from falling off the drunken hussar who was asleep on his back; when the latter recovered from his involuntary slumber, and found his horse panting with fatigue, he would curse himself, weep, and swear never to drink again. For whole days he would march a-foot, and deprive himself of his ration of bread, to give it to his valued companion.

When the discharge of a carbine, heard in the direction of our vedettes, gave the alarm in an encampment of light-cavalry, in an instant the horses were bridled, and the horsemen were seen in every direction leaping over the bivouac fires, the hedges, the ditches, and hastening with the rapidity of lightning to their alarm posts, to repel the first attack of the enemy. The trumpeter's horse remained alone motionless amidst the tumult; but as soon as his master had ceased to sound, he would spring forward impatiently, and hasten to overtake his companions.

Our army left La Mancha towards the end of February, and the troops under general Sébastiani, who had taken the place of marshal Lefêvre, moved to the environs of Toledo, to watch the remains of the Duke del Infantado's force. We were sent to occupy Talavera, Arzobispo and Almaraz on the right bank of the Tagus, having in our front the Spanish army of Estremadura. These troops had been defeated, on the 24th of December, by marshal Lefêvre, at Arzobispo and opposite to Almaraz; they had afterwards been reorganized and reinforced under the command of general Cuesta, had retaken the bridge of Almaraz from the French, and had blown up its principal arches, by which means the progress of our force was completely arrested, and we were under the necessity of constructing another bridge over the Tagus, under the fire of the enemy. We had indeed possession of two other bridges, one at Arzobispo, the other at Talavera; but the roads to those bridges were at that time impassable for artillery. Marshal Victor established his head-quarters at Almaraz, in order to be at hand to cover the workers, and to superintend the construction of the rafts. Part of our division of light cavalry crossed to the left bank of the river, to observe the enemy and to reconnoitre their right flank upon the Ibor.

We frequently changed our cantonments, on account of the difficulty we found in procuring forage and provisions. The inhabitants had abandoned almost the whole of the country occupied by the army.

They were accustomed to wall up, in some remote corner of their houses, whatever they could not carry away. In consequence, our men, on arriving at empty and unfurnished lodgings, used to begin by measuring, like architects, the exterior sides of the houses, and then the apartments within, to ascertain if the dimensions corresponded. Sometimes jars of wine were discovered, buried under ground. We were habituated to living thus at hap-hazard, passing whole weeks without bread for ourselves, and even without barley for our horses.

The 14th of March our rafts were finished; we could not set them afloat, nor construct a bridge under the enemy's fire. It was in the first place necessary to drive them from the strong position they held opposite to Almaraz, at the confluence of the Tagus and the Ibor.

On the 15th, part of the first corps crossed the Tagus at Talavera and Arzobispo, to fall on the flank and rear of the Spanish positions. The German division, under general Leval, led the attack on the morning of the 17th, at the village of Massa de Ibor; three thousand men of this division, which was without its artillery, routed with the bayonet eight thousand Spaniards, who were intrenched on an elevated hill, defended by six pieces of cannon. The whole day of the 18th was employed in driving the enemy from Valdecannar, and in pursuing them, from post to post and from rock to rock, as far as the Col de la Miravetta. Our regiment was in the

left wing of the army with Villate's division; we ascended the course of the Ibor, driving before us, without effort, the Spaniards at every point; they made no resistance after finding that they were turned.

The 19th March, the whole army halted, while the rafts were launched. The flying bridge having been completed before night, the artillery began to cross the same day, together with the troops which had been left on the right bank. On the 20th the whole army was assembled at Truxillo. There was an engagement in front of this town, between the fifth regiment of horse-chasseurs and the royal carabineers of the enemy's rear-guard. The number killed on each side was nearly equal; the Spaniards lost a field-officer.

The two armies passed the night in presence of each other; and an hour before sun-rise the next morning, the enemy commenced his march. We quickly followed. The tenth chasseurs formed the van of our division of light-horse, which led, in advance of the whole army. Four companies of light infantry passed to our front, whenever we came to forests or mountains. Two hours before sun-set, the leading squadron of the tenth overtook the enemy's rear-guard, which finding itself closely pressed, immediately retired upon the main body of the Spanish army. The colonel of the chasseurs, hurried on by his impetuous valour, imprudently allowed his whole regiment to charge; they pursued the Spanish cavalry

for more than a league upon the main road, between hills covered with an oak forest.

When a regiment or a squadron of cavalry charges in column or in line, it cannot long preserve its order, after the horses are put into full gallop; continuing to excite each other, their ardour encreases progressively, and the men, who are best mounted, find themselves at the end of a few minutes, far beyond the others. The commander of an advanced guard should be attentive to make only very short charges, and to rally his men frequently, in order to let the horses blow, and to examine the ground about him, for fear of an ambuscade. Besides, in every case, it is proper, when you have gone too far to be supported by other troops, to keep in reserve at least one half of your force, as a rallying point for the rest, and as a sort of rampart behind which those who have charged may form anew, should they be repulsed and pursued by a superior enemy. The Spaniards placed several squadrons of their best cavalry in ambush near the village of Miajadas; these fell unexpectedly upon our chasseurs who were marching irregularly and at considerable distances from each other. Our men were overwhelmed by numbers; their horses, fatigued by the rapid charge they had been making, could not unite their efforts at resistance,—and in less than ten minutes, more than one hundred and fifty of the bravest chasseurs of the tenth, lay lifeless on the field.

General Lasalle, on being informed of what had

happened, made us advance in haste to their assistance; but we arrived too late; we could only perceive at a considerable distance, the cloud of dust which the Spaniards raised in their retreat. The colonel of the tenth, was engaged in rallying his men, tearing his hair with grief at seeing his soldiers scattered here and there over a considerable extent of ground. Night coming on, we returned to bivouac in the rear of the field of action.

On the 22d March, the enemy crossed the Guadiana. We formed different cantonments around San Pedro and Miajadas. Our artillery arrived at last on the 23d, and the greater part of our army was concentrated in the town of Mérida and its vicinity.

In the night between the 27th and 28th, the whole army moved towards the enemy. General Cuesta had for several days been waiting for us in the plains before Medellin; he had caused the advantageous position, in which he placed his army, to be previously well examined by his engineers.

The Spaniards, to whom regular battles had so often been unfavourable, sought by all kinds of means to give themselves the confidence which they were deficient in. They considered the skirmish at Miajadas as a happy omen. They dwelt also upon an ancient superstition, founded on the tradition of victories gained over the Moors by their ancestors, in these same plains watered by the Guadiana. The French, on the other hand, sought no arguments for

their hopes; they confided from habit in victory itself.

The entrance into Medellin is by a long and narrow bridge over the Guadiana; before the town, lies an immense plain, entirely without trees, which extends, in ascending the course of that river, between it, the village of Don Benito, and that of Mingabril. The Spaniards had at first occupied the heights which separate these two villages; subsequently they gave greater extent to their line of battle, and formed a kind of crescent, their left at Mingabril, their center in advance of Don Benito, and their right resting on the Guadiana.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we marched out of Medellin, to range ourselves in order of battle at a short distance from the town; we formed a small arch of a circle, comprised between the Guadiana, and a ravine, planted with trees and vines, which extends from Medellin to Mingabril. General Lasalle's division of light-horse was stationed at the left wing; in the center was the German division of infantry; and on our right, the division of dragoons under general Latour Maubourg. The divisions of Villate and Ruffin were in reserve. The three divisions which formed our first line had left, in the rear of the army, numerous detachments to guard our communications, and were not seven thousand strong. The enemy presented before us an immense line of more than thirty-four thousand men.

The German division began the attack; the second

and fourth regiments of dragoons having then charged the Spanish infantry, were repulsed with loss, and the German division was left alone in the midst of the conflict; it formed a square, and resisted vigorously, during the remainder of the action, the repeated efforts of the enemy. It was not without difficulty that marshal Victor restored the combat, by moving up two regiments of Villate's division. The enemy's cavalry tried at first, in vain, to break through our right wing; part of this cavalry then fell in mass upon our left wing, which, apprehensive of being surrounded, made a retrograde movement, to cover its left flank by the Guadiana at another point; the river here makes an elbow, and narrows the plain, as it approaches Medellin. We retreated, during more than two hours, slowly and in silence, halting at every fifty paces, to wheel to the right about, and present our front to the enemy, for the purpose of disputing the ground before we abandoned it, if he should attempt to carry it in spite of us.

Amidst the prolonged whistling of the bullets over our heads, and the grinding of the howitz-shells, which were ploughing the soil around us, no voice was heard but that of the commanding officers; they gave their orders with the more calmness and distinctness, as the enemy pressed the more upon us. The farther we retired, the louder were the shouts of the Spaniards; their skirmishers were so numerous and so bold, that they frequently obliged

ours to fall behind our ranks. They called to us in their language, that we should have no quarter, and that the plain of Medellin should be covered with our graves. If our squadron had broken and dispersed, the cavalry of the Spanish right would have poured itself through the opening upon the rear of our army, and have enveloped it; the fields of Medellin would then indeed have been, as the enemy threatened, the grave-yard of the French.

When the enemy's cavalry was within musket-shot, the skirmishers of both sides retired, and in the space, which separated us, nothing was to be seen but the horses of the dead, friends and foes, which, wounded for the most part, were running in every direction. Some of these animals were endeavouring to get rid of the incumbrance of their masters' bodies, which they dragged under their feet.

The Spaniards had sent against our squadron alone, six chosen squadrons, which marched in solid column; the leading one was a corps of lancers. This mass set out together at a trot, to charge us as we were making our retrograde movement. The captain commanding our squadron made his four subdivisions, in all one hundred and twenty hussars, wheel together to the right about into line; when this was done he dressed the ranks with as much tranquillity, as if we had been on a parade. The Spaniards were astonished at so much coolness, and involuntarily slackened their pace. Our commander

profited of this moment of hesitation, and immediately ordered the charge to be sounded.

Our hussars, who had preserved, amidst the multiplied threats and insults of the enemy, a firm and profound silence, drowned by one single shout the sharp sounds of the trumpet. The Spanish lancers halted in dismay, turned about at half pistol-shot, and overwhelmed the squadrons of their own cavalry which were behind them. Terror had mastered their faculties, and they dared not even to look back, mistaking each other for the enemy. Our hussars mingled pell-mell with them and sabred them without resistance. We followed them to the rear of their own army. The trumpets sounding a retreat, we abandoned the pursuit and returned to form again in line. Soon after our charge, the whole of the enemy's cavalry, both of the right and of the left, disappeared entirely.

The dragoons had rallied, and profiting of the irresolution, which was caused among the Spanish infantry by the flight of their cavalry, made a fortunate and brilliant charge on the center of the enemy's line. Two regiments of Villate's division, at the same instant, attacked with success the right of the enemy's infantry upon the heights of Mingabril; and in one moment, the army, which was before us, disappeared like clouds driven before the wind. The Spaniards all threw down their arms and fled in every direction; the cannonade then ceased.

All our cavalry now moved in pursuit. Our men,

who had just been threatened with a general massacre, if they had yielded to superior numbers, and who were irritated by a resistance of five hours duration, gave at first no quarter. The infantry followed afar off, and put an end to the wounded with their bayonets. Their rage was particularly directed against such of the Spaniards as were not in uniform.

The hussars and dragoons had dispersed into small parties during the pursuit; they soon afterwards returned escorting immense columns of Spaniards, whom they turned over to the infantry to be conducted to Medellin. These men, who before the battle, menaced us so vauntingly, now marched with down-cast looks and with the haste of fear. On the first menacing gestures of our soldiers, they would press together upon the center of their columns, like flocks of sheep when they hear the dogs in chase of them. Every time that they met a body of French troops, they would cry, "long life to Napoleon, and his invincible troops!" Sometimes one or two of our horsemen would amuse themselves as they rode by, with making them repeat for themselves alone, acclamations which were due only to the whole body of the victors.

A colonel, who was a courtier and aide-de-camp of king Joseph, looking on the prisoners as they filed off in front of the regiments, ordered them in Spanish to cry "long life to king Joseph!" The prisoners at first seemed not to understand, and after

a moment's silence, they all shouted together the same "long life to Napoleon and his invincible troops!" The colonel then addressed particularly one of the prisoners, repeating with threats the order he had already given. The poor fellow having sung out "long life to king Joseph!" a Spanish officer, who, according to custom, had retained his side-arms, came up to the soldier and passed his sword through his body. Our enemies were willing to render homage to our victorious arms, but not to recognize, even in the midst of their humiliation, the authority of a sovereign who was not the one of their choice.

I returned into the town of Medellin a little before night. Ammunition waggons broken in pieces, and cannon abandoned together with their draught mules, still marked the position which had been occupied by the Spanish army. Silence and quiet had succeeded to the activity of battle and the shouts of victory. There were no longer heard throughout the field any sounds but the occasional groans of the wounded and the low murmurs of the dying; they raised up their heads, as they were expiring, to pray to God and the Virgin Mary. Here and there were seen wounded horses, whose legs had been shattered by cannon shot, and who were incapable of moving from the spot where they had fallen; ignorant of death, fearless of futurity, they were biting the grass around them as far as their necks could reach.

The French had not four thousand men killed and wounded. The Spaniards left twelve thousand dead

and nineteen pieces of cannon on the field of battle. We took from seven to eight thousand prisoners; but of these scarce two thousand reached Madrid, for they found in their own country many opportunities of escaping. The inhabitants of the towns and villages used to come out in crowds to see them, in order to divert the attention of the French escorts; they always took care to leave their dwellings open, and the prisoners, in marching along, would mingle with the multitude or shelter themselves in the houses, of which the doors were immediately shut upon them. Our soldiers, whose humanity usually returned after the excitement of battle was over, winked at these evasions, notwithstanding the severity of the orders they received.

Some of the prisoners would say in their language, while deeply sighing and pointing to a distant village, to the grenadier who had the charge of them: "Signor soldado, that is our village; there are our wives and children; must we then pass so near them, without ever again beholding them? Must we go to that distant land of France?" The grenadier would answer with affected harshness: "If you attempt to make your escape, I will kill you; such are my orders;—but whatever takes place behind my back, I cannot see." He would then advance a few steps, the prisoners would take to the fields, and a few days afterwards were again in arms against us.

Part of our regiment was left at Mingabril, on the very field of action, near the spot where the con-

flict had been most violent. We lived amidst dead bodies, and around us rose continually black and dense vapours, which, driven before the wind, carried pestilential maladies to the surrounding regions. The numerous flocks of La Mesta had come to winter as usual on the banks of the Guadiana; they fled with affright from their accustomed pastures. Their mournful bleatings and the prolonged howls of the shepherd's dogs indicated the vague instinct of terror which agitated them.

Thousands of enormous vultures flocked from every part of Spain to this vast and silent field of death. Seated on the heights and seen from a distance on the horizon, they looked as large as men. Our videttes sometimes advanced upon them, taking them for the enemy. These birds would abandon their human pasture, to fly off in succession at our approach, but not before we were within a few steps of them; then the funereal flapping of their enormous wings resounded from space to space over our heads.

On the 27th of March, two days before the battle of Medellin or Merida, general Sébastiani had completely defeated the Spanish force, which guarded the passes of the Sierra Morena, in La Mancha, near to Ciudad Réal. This victory, and the one we had just achieved, spread consternation throughout Andalusia.

The Spanish government did not, however, allow itself to be discouraged by these great calamities.

Like the Roman Senate, which, after the defeat of Cannæ, thanked the consul Varro for not having despaired of the safety of the republic, the supreme junta of Seville decreed that Cuesta and his army had deserved well of their country, and bestowed on them the same rewards as if they had been victorious.* To have blamed Cuesta and his troops, in existing circumstances, would have been to acknowledge themselves conquered. In a fortnight after the affair of Medellin, the Spanish army had recovered from its losses, and nearly thirty thousand strong occupied the passes of the mountains in our front.

General Sébastiani did not advance in La Mancha beyond Santa-Cruz de la Mudela, and our corps remained in its cantonments on the Tagus and the Guadiana.† We could not extend ourselves far in front of the latter river, without being certain that new masses of Spaniards would form behind us and intercept our only communication with Madrid, by the bridge of Almaraz. We had, besides, for a long time had no accounts of marshal Soult's corps, which must now have again entered Portugal, and with which we were to connect ourselves by our right and to co-operate.

In the north of the Peninsula, the French troops had not been as successful as, from superiority of discipline, we had been in the plains of Estremadura and La Mancha. Marshals Soult and Ney had to

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* See note 7. † See note 8.

fight in a mountainous and difficult country, where knowledge of the ground, activity and numbers enabled the inhabitants constantly to baffle the calculations of military science, and the consummate experience of two of our most renowned commanders.

After general Moore's retreat and the capitulation of Coruña and Ferol, in the month of January, marshal Soult had taken the road towards Portugal by San Jago, Vigo, and Tuy; as he could not cross the Minho near its mouth, under the fire of the Portuguese fortresses on its opposite bank, he moved up the river to Orense, where he crossed it on the 6th of March; the 7th he defeated the army under the Marquis de la Romana, on the heights of Orsuna near Monte Rey, and drove its remains into the lofty mountains near Puebla de Sanabria.

Marshal Soult invested Chaves, a frontier town of Portugal, on the 13th, and took it by capitulation; the 13th he entered Braga, after forcing the pass of Carvallo d'Este, one of the strongest positions in Portugal. Lastly, on the 29th, Oporto, defended by an intrenched camp and two hundred and seventy pieces of artillery, was carried by assault; and the vanguard of the French crossed the Duero and advanced to the Vouga, forty-five leagues from Lisbon.

Scarcely had the French army entered Oporto, when the garrisons which had been left in its rear to awe the inhabitants and guard its communications, had already every where fallen into the hands of the

enemy. The Portuguese troops in garrison at Caminha, a town situated at the mouth of the Minho, had crossed that river on the 10th of March, and united themselves to a considerable number of soldiers belonging to the Spanish marine, and of inhabitants from the coasts of Gallicia who had taken arms under the orders of their priests.* They had fortified the bridge of San Payo against the French who might arrive from San Jago, and had possessed themselves by capitulation of Vigo and Tuy, where marshal Soult had left garrisons and stores of provisions and ammunition for his army. Chaves was in the same manner retaken on the 21st of March by the Portuguese general, Francisco Silveira, who, on the approach of the French, had retired upon Villa-Ponca. This officer, after the capture of Chaves, seized the strong position of Amarante on the Tamega, from whence he could molest the rear-guards and French detachments in the vicinity of Oporto.

On the 30th, La Romana came down from the mountains of Puebla de Sanabria with some thousands of men, the remains of his beaten army, attacked Ponteferrada, and made a few French prisoners; he found there ammunition and provisions, retook a damaged twelve-pounder, which he repaired, crossed the road to Castille, and took by means of his field-piece the town of Villa-Franca, whose garrison of eight hundred men, he made prisoners of

* Vide note 9.

war.* On the report of this slight success, his army was quickly encreased, like a ball of snow which, in descending the mountain becomes an avalanche. La Romana obliged marshal Ney to abandon Bierzo and concentrate his force at Lugo; he then threw himself into the Asturias, which he excited to insurrection as he had done Gallicia.

The two French armies of Gallicia and of Portugal, now deprived of all means of communication, were henceforth insulated from one another and separated from the rest of the armies; they could no longer assist or co-operate with each other in the general operations of the war, and continued to exhaust themselves by a series of partial combats without any useful result.

Marshal Ney essayed in vain to subdue Gallicia by the terror of his arms; severe measures, instead of discouraging the inhabitants, encreased their hatred of the French; and, as will always happen in a country where patriotism is predominant, violent measures produced reprisals yet more violent. Whole squadrons and battalions were massacred by the peasants in the course of a single night. Seven hundred French prisoners were drowned at one time in the Minho, by order of Don Pedro de Barrios, governor of Gallicia for the Junta;† and the fury of the people, instead of diminishing, was augmented

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* See note 10. † See note 11.

from day to day, in proportion to the progressive weakness of our army.

The Portuguese had risen in mass like the Gallicians;* and Portugal opposed to us a force of twelve thousand regulars and seventy thousand militia. It was impossible for marshal Soult, with only twenty-two thousand men, to keep in subjection the country behind him and at the same time to advance upon Lisbon. He remained, however, upwards of forty days in Oporto, endeavouring in vain to bring the inhabitants to submission and to re-establish his intercepted communications. For some months he had received neither orders nor supplies; he had been unwilling, in spite of his dangerous situation, to make a retrograde movement, from the apprehension of embarrassing the operations of the other corps, respecting whose position he remained entirely ignorant. At last, on the 2d of May, he resolved to seize, with the division of general Loison, the bridge of Amarante on the Tamega, as a preparatory step to marching out of Portugal by the way of Braganza.

On the 10th of May, the French advanced posts were attacked by the English, and recrossed the Duero the following day. The English army which had returned to Portugal after the retreat of Sir John Moore, was reduced to fifteen thousand men; they had not, for some time, ventured to land their heavy baggage, that they might be in readiness to reimbark

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* Vide note 12.

on the first approach of the French. The 4th and the 22d of April, they received considerable reinforcements; and now, with more than twenty-three thousand men, they had moved upon Oporto.

The French left that city on the 12th, and their rear guard had an affair with the English advance.* The corps of marshal Soult was pursued and menaced by three different armies; that of Sir A. Wellesley, which never lost sight of his rear-guard; the Anglo-Portuguese army under general Beresford, which moved by Lamego and Amarante upon Chaves, and which had the start of Soult's right by several days march; and thirdly, that of the Portuguese general, Francisco Sylveira, which preceded both the others in order to cut the French off from the passes of the Ruivaes, between Salamonda and Montalegre.

Marshal Soult, finding the road to Chaves occupied by marshal Beresford, concentrated his army rapidly upon Braga, and took the direction of Orense, through the mountains; he traversed upwards of sixty leagues of a country full of insurgents, without suffering any considerable loss but that of his heavy baggage and of his artillery, which he destroyed in some impassable roads. The English did not proceed beyond Montalegre and Chaves; they moved hastily back to the Tagus, in the neighbourhood of Lisbon.

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* See note 13.

Marshal Soult arrived on the 22d of May at Lugo* in Gallicia, liberated the garrison of that town which was besieged by the Spaniards, and opened a communication with marshal Ney, who was returning from an expedition against Oviedo in the Asturias. Some days afterwards he resumed the offensive against the marquis de la Romana, whom he pursued, without being able to overtake him, through Monforte, Pontefarrada, Bollo and Viana. He then proceeded by Puebla de Sanabria to Zamora, intending to watch the movement which the English appeared disposed to make towards Estremadura, against the army of marshal Victor.

After the departure of Soult, marshal Ney soon found himself obliged to retreat into the kingdom of Leon. His army had made no durable establishment in Gallicia or the Asturias, having been constantly prevented by the villagers and numerous bands of peasants, whom it was impossible to disperse and whose forces were daily encreasing.

In those mountainous provinces of the north of the Peninsula the French, though always victorious when their enemy presented himself for battle, were notwithstanding continually assailed by clouds of armed mountaineers, who never approaching to fight in ranks or in close combat, retired from position to position, from rock to rock, among the crags, always keeping up their fire, even when put to flight.

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* See note 14.

It was often necessary to send whole battalions to convey an order from one battalion to another at no great distance. The men, wounded, sick or fatigued, who remained behind their columns, were instantly massacred; immediately after one victory, it was necessary to obtain another. Success was rendered nugatory by the indomitable and persevering character of the Spaniards; and the French armies were daily melting away, exhausted by unceasing labour, watching and anxiety.

Such were the occurrences in the north of Spain, which had prevented our armies of Estremadura and La Mancha from profiting of their signal victories at Medellin and Ciudad-Réal. The operations of the army of Arragon had in the same way been suspended, by the necessity under which the French found themselves of recalling from that province the corps under marshal Mortier and of sending it to Valladolid to the assistance of marshal Ney, in order to re-establish lines of communication in Gallicia.

Since the commencement of the campaign against Austria, and the departure of the emperor Napoleon, the French in Spain no longer received reinforcements to repair their daily losses. Instead of concentrating, they continued to extend themselves more and more over the Peninsula; and weak at every point, because they were too much scattered, they exhausted themselves by their very conquests in the south; whilst in the north they were losing, before an undisciplined peasantry, that reputation of invincibility more pow-

erful in its effects, perhaps, than the real strength which had subjected to them so many nations.

King Joseph commanded in chief since the emperor's departure; he had hoped that he should, in Spain as formerly at Naples, attach to his sceptre, by the known mildness of his disposition, the people whom our arms were about to make his subjects. He had allowed the French armies to advance in all directions into the Peninsula, with the sole object of organizing new provinces, and of reigning over a greater extent of country. He had thus exposed to destruction the armies of Gallicia and of Portugal, from which no intelligence could be obtained during five whole months.

King Joseph had contracted indolent habits on the peaceful throne of Naples. Surrounded by flatterers, and by a small number of Spaniards who deceived him, he abandoned himself to extravagant hopes. Instead of following the armies, he remained in his capital, plunged in luxury and regretting the delights of Italy. He wished to sleep and reign at Madrid as he had done at Naples, even before we had gained for him, had that been possible, a kingdom at the price of our blood.

The journals were filled with his decrees, which were never executed and seldom read; he gave to one church the sacred vases belonging to another, which had long before been plundered by the French or despoiled by the Spaniards themselves. He lavished the decorations of his order of knighthood up-

on his courtiers, who did not venture to wear them out of the places occupied by the French, from fear of being assassinated by the Spanish peasants.

He made numerous promotions in his royal armies, which were not yet in existence; he appointed governors, administrators and judges, for the most distant provinces of his kingdom in both hemispheres, at the very time when he dared not pass a single night at those of his country seats which were only a few leagues from Madrid.

In the hope of pleasing the populace, he imitated by all possible means the pomp, the ceremonial, and even the minute devotion of the kings Charles the Fourth and Ferdinand the Seventh. He led in person, on foot, religious processions in the streets of the capital, followed by the officers of his staff and by the soldiers of the French gendarmerie, who carried lighted torches in their hands. The affectation of sanctity and munificence only heaped ridicule on his head, when after the departure of Napoleon terror, which exaggerates every thing, had been dissipated.

The Spaniards had amused themselves with circulating a report that king Joseph was fond of the pleasures of the table and that he was blind of one eye, a circumstance which had a prodigious effect on the imagination of the country people. In vain did he endeavour to destroy these unfavourable impressions, by showing himself frequently in public and by looking always full at the people whom he passed; the popu-

lace continued to believe that he had only one eye. Devout people, who were accustomed to mingle with whatever they said the exclamation, "Jesus, Maria and Joseph," stopped short after the two first of these words, and after a pause, would use this periphrasis, "and the Father of our Lord;" fearing to call down a benediction upon king Joseph, by naming the saint who was supposed to be his patron.

The good nature of king Joseph was, in the sequel, considered as weakness by the French themselves. He in fact interfered with the success of our military operations by the ardent desire which he had of acquiring the affections of his new subjects. He uniformly decided in favour of the Spaniards, when disputes occurred between them and the French. We were often in want of provisions, because in the districts, which submitted momentarily, we were not permitted to exact, as in an enemy's country, the requisitions which were indispensable for our subsistence; our soldiers died by hundreds in the hospitals of Madrid and Burgos from want of common necessaries.

After a battle had been gained, king Joseph used to visit the Retiro to make the prisoners, sent from the armies, take the oath of fidelity to him; he used to tell them that they had been deceived by perfidious advisers, and that he, their king, desired nothing but their welfare and happiness. The prisoners, who expected the day before to be all put to death, would without hesitation take the proposed oath; but as

soon as they were armed and equipped, they deserted and returned to their own armies. Our soldiers easily recognized these men by their new uniforms, and they used to call king Joseph, the administrator and organizer-in-chief of the military depôts of the supreme junta of Seville.

Our marshals and generals obeyed with reluctance the orders of one who could no longer be considered as a Frenchman, from the moment that he was acknowledged king of Spain; and they endeavoured to contradict and annoy him by all possible methods, in order to be sent away to Germany. They wished, at all hazards, to abandon an irregular warfare, which was unpopular even among the common soldiers, and which deprived them of opportunities of distinguishing themselves and of obtaining great rewards, by fighting under the immediate eye of the emperor.

King Joseph had not sufficient authority and military talent, nor confidence enough in himself, to undertake the direction of the operations which the new state of affairs rendered necessary. He gave no orders without having consulted his brother. The plans dictated at Paris, or in Germany, often arrived too late; besides, they could be but imperfectly executed by one who had not himself formed them, and the French army in Spain was completely bereft of that singleness of direction, without which the simplest operations of war cannot be successful.

In the month of April our army, commanded by marshal Victor, left for a time its cantonments on

the Guadiana, and approached the Tagus, in order to form a junction with Lapisse's division; the latter had been in vain summoning the town of Ciudad-Rodrigo. One division of Victor's army marched anew to Alcantara, on the 14th of May, and crossed the river after an unimportant engagement with some Portuguese militia; the following day, it reconnoitered the environs of Castel-Blanco; but information being obtained that eight thousand English and Portuguese occupied Abrantes, it was conjectured that Soult's expedition against Lisbon had failed, and the division retraced its steps. Marshal Victor then united all his forces around Truxillo, between the Guadiana and the Tagus, to secure his communications by the bridge of Almaraz, cover Madrid and watch Cuesta's army. The fourth corps, commanded by general Sébastiani, had remained in la Mancha since the battle of Ciudad-Réal.

On the 20th of May, the officers and non-commissioned officers of the fourth squadrons of all the cavalry of the army received the minister of war's orders to return to the grand depôts of their regiments, to form new squadrons. In consequence of this arrangement, I left Spain; and on my arrival in France was sent to the coast of Flanders. The expedition of the English, against the fleet and dock-yards at Antwerp, having failed in consequence of the slowness and indecision of their commander-in-chief, I returned to Spain in the beginning of the following year.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

WAR OF THE FRENCH IN SPAIN.

PART II.

AFTER marshal Soult had been forced to abandon Oporto and the whole of Portugal, the English army recrossed the Duero, and returned to the cities of Thomar and Abrantes, near the Tagus, to prepare an incursion into Spanish Estremadura, by Coria and Placentia. Marshal Victor, whose army occupied the environs of Truxillo and Caceres, apprehensive that the English should get to his rear by the right bank of the Tagus, repassed that river in the beginning of June, and retreated first to La Calzada, and afterwards, on the 26th, to Talavera de la Reyna.

The British army, commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley, formed a junction with the Spaniards under general Cuesta, on the 20th of July, at Oropeza. The former counted in its ranks twenty thousand English and between four and five thousand Portuguese; that of Cuesta consisted of thirty-eight thousand men. Another army of eighteen or twenty thousand Spaniards, under general Venegas, was

preparing in la Mancha to co-operate with the above mentioned force.

An advanced corps of Spaniards and Portuguese, commanded by the English general Wilson, proceeded through the mountains of Arenas as far as Escalona, (which he reached on the 23d) to communicate with the Spaniards under Venegas, then advancing from Tembleque, by Ocaña, towards Aranjuez and Valdemoro. Generals Wilson and Venegas were to approach Madrid and endeavour to take possession of that city, with the aid of the inhabitants. This combined movement was intended to oblige king Joseph to attend solely to the safety of his capital, and to prevent the concentration of his forces. The Anglo-Spanish armies hoped in a short time to beat the French, or at least to force them to abandon Madrid and all the midland provinces of Spain, to recross the mountains, and to retire upon Segovia.

Generals Wellesley and Cuesta advanced, the 22d of July, upon Talavera; the Spanish cavalry obtained near that town a slight advantage over the cavalry of the French rear-guard, which was falling back upon its main body.* This success exalted the hopes of the Spaniards to the highest pitch; they determined to revenge their defeat at Medellin, by attacking, alone, the French whom they considered as already half-conquered, because they were retreating; for

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* See Note 15.

this purpose they left the British at Talavera, and imprudently advanced by El Bravo and Santa Olalla as far as Torrijos.

Marshal Victor retreated in the direction of Toledo, behind the Guadarama, where he was joined, on the 25th, by the corps under general Sébastiani and by the troops which king Joseph brought with him from Madrid. The whole French army of the center, thus united, found itself forty thousand men strong; and on the 26th, it marched towards Talavera, under the immediate command of king Joseph.

The regiment of dragoons of Villa-Viciosa was cut almost entirely in pieces in the defilee of Alcabon, near Torrijos, by the second regiment of hussars, which formed the advance of the French army. The whole of Cuesta's force then retired precipitately beyond the Alberche. The French crossed that river the following day, drove in the English posts, and at five o'clock in the afternoon were within cannon shot of the enemy.

The Spanish army had taken a position which was too strong to be attacked, behind some old walls and garden fences, immediately round the town of Talavera; its right rested on the Tagus, and its left joined the right of the English, near a redoubt constructed upon an eminence. The ground in front of the combined armies was uneven and broken by gullies, formed by the winter rains; their position was covered in its whole extent by the steep banks of a torrent or ravine, at that time without water.

The left of the English rested upon an elevated knoll, which commanded the greater part of the field of battle and was separated from the spurs of the mountains of Castille by a deep and pretty wide valley.

The knoll was, in a manner, the key of the enemy's position; it was against this decisive point that an able commander, gifted with that rapid perception of localities which decides the event of battles, would at once have directed the greater part of his forces, in order to obtain possession of it, either by a direct assault, or by turning it through the valley below; but king Joseph in the hour of action was always seized with a fatal spirit of hesitation and uncertainty. He tried half-measures, expended his strength in partial efforts, and let slip the moment and opportunity of securing victory. Marshal Jourdan commanded under him; but that officer was no longer animated by the fire of patriotism which led him to conquest in the fields of Fleurus, when he was fighting for the independence of France.

The French began by cannonading and skirmishing in advance of their right, and they sent no more than one battalion and a few light infantry-men through the valley to occupy the knoll on the English left, under the impression that the enemy thought only of making a retreat. This battalion was engaged with superior numbers, and was quickly forced to retire with loss. A division of dragoons, which was reconnoitering near Talavera, found the ap-

proaches to the town strongly intrenched with artillery, and was obliged to abandon its object.

When night came on, the French made another attempt upon the knoll; one regiment of infantry (followed at some distance by two more of the same arm) attacked the extreme left of the English with unexampled impetuosity, reached the summit of the knoll and took possession of it; but was soon forced to fall back, in consequence of being charged by a whole British division at the moment when the men were exhausted by the vigorous effort they had been successfully making. One of the regiments destined to support this attack had lost its way in the dark through the woods; the other had been retarded in its progress, by missing the passage across the ravine which covered the enemy's position.

These successive attacks failed, notwithstanding the intrepidity and valour of the troops, because they were made with insufficient numbers. First one battalion, then a single division had been sent, where a considerable portion of the whole army should have been employed. These abortive attempts indicated to the English what were the projects of the French for the next day, and made them appreciate more fully the importance and strength of their position, which they spent the remainder of the night in fortifying with artillery.

The sun rose the following morning upon the two armies, drawn up in order of battle, and the cannonade recommenced. The action about to take place

was pregnant with the fate of Portugal (whose defence was entrusted to the British army) and perhaps with that of the whole Peninsula. The veterans of the 1st and 4th corps of the French army, accustomed to conquer for years in every part of Europe and to find their valour ever seconded by the skilful combinations of their chiefs, waited impatiently for the signal of battle, confident of carrying every thing before them by one well-combined effort.

A single division, consisting of three regiments, was sent, as the day before, by the valley, to assail the position which had been carried for an instant during the night. This division, after suffering great loss, reached the top of the knoll; it was on the point of occupying it; one of the regiments was already marching upon the enemy's artillery, when its charge was repelled and the whole division forced to retire. The English judged, from this renewed attack, that the French would endeavour to turn their left by the valley; they stationed the whole of their cavalry in the latter, and placed a Spanish division at the foot of the mountains of Castille. The French returned to their first position; the cannonade lasted about an hour longer, and then gradually ceased. The burning heat of the meridian sun obliged the combatants on each side to suspend the fight and to observe a sort of truce, during which the wounded were borne off from the field.

King Joseph having, at last, gone in person to reconnoitre the enemy's position, gave orders, at four

in the afternoon, for a general attack upon the British army. One division of dragoons was left near Talavera to watch the Spaniards. The corps of general Sébastiani marched against the British right; whilst the three divisions of infantry under marshal Victor, followed by masses of cavalry, advanced through the valley to attack their left. King Joseph and marshal Jourdan placed themselves with the reserve, behind the 4th corps. The cannon and musketry soon announced the renewal of the conflict.

The English general, from the height which commanded the whole scene of action, moved to every point where his presence could be useful. His eye embraced the different corps of his own army and could distinguish the smallest movements of the French. He beheld them forming their columns of attack, foresaw each project from the disposition of their troops, and had thus time to prepare before hand corresponding dispositions to counteract them. The position occupied by the British army, strong in itself and of difficult access in front and on its flanks, was easily approached in the rear of his line, and allowed him to move his troops with rapidity upon the different points which were attacked.

The French had a ravine to cross before they could join the enemy; they advanced over uneven ground, which continually obliged them to break their line; they fought against positions fortified for their reception. The left, concealed by the knoll,

could not know what was passing on the right. Every corps in the army fought separately with unequalled bravery and even skill; but there was no unity in their efforts. The French were not on this occasion led and commanded by a general-in-chief, whose genius could balance the advantages which the nature of the ground gave to their opponents.

The division of general Lapisse first passed the ravine, attacked the intrenched knoll, and ascended notwithstanding the vollies of grape-shot that thinned its ranks at every step, but was quickly repulsed after losing its general and a great number of officers and soldiers; its retreat uncovered the right of the 4th corps, which was taken in flank by the British artillery and forced to fall back for a moment. The left of this corps, commanded by general Sébastiani, had, under a very heavy fire of artillery, reached the foot of the redoubt on the English right and at the center of the combined armies; these troops had advanced too far and too soon; they were outflanked and then driven back by the English right joined to the left of the Spaniards; they were, however, supported, and soon renewed the conflict. In the center, marshal Victor rallied the division of Lapisse at the foot of the knoll, renouncing all hope of taking it by the front; the French, from this time, endeavoured to turn it either by the left or by the right. Villate's division advanced into the valley, and that of Ruffin, on the right of the former, moved along the declivity of the mountains of Castille; the cavalry which form-

ed the second line, prepared to break into the plain in the enemy's rear, by whatever openings the infantry should find means to make in the line opposed to them.

The English then caused the French columns to be charged, at the very moment when they were commencing their movement, by two regiments of cavalry. These regiments entered the valley, passed in spite of the fire of several battalions between the divisions of Villate and Ruffin, and fell, with unexampled impetuosity, upon the 10th and 26th regiments of French mounted chasseurs. The 10th regiment was unable to resist their charge, opened its ranks, but soon rallied; and the 23d regiment of light-dragoons, which was at the head of the British cavalry, was almost totally destroyed or captured.

A division of foot guards, which was stationed on the left and center of the first line of their army, was charged; they vigorously beat back the French in the first instance, but one of their brigades having advanced too far was in its turn taken in flank by the fire of the French artillery and infantry, suffered severely and retired with great difficulty behind their second line. The French profited of this advantage, and once again moved forward; one more effort would enable them to force their way into the plain and to engage the enemy on equal ground; but king Joseph judged that it was too late to advance with the reserve, and the attack was put off till the next day. Night then followed; the conflict ceased from

lassitude, without either party's having obtained an advantage sufficiently considerable to merit the name of victory.

The corps of Victor and Sébastiani fell back in succession, during the night, upon the reserve, leaving a guard of cavalry on the scene of action to pick up the wounded. The English, who expected that the attack would be renewed the next morning, were greatly surprised at day-break to see that their opponents had retired to their first position on the Alberche, after abandoning twenty pieces of cannon. The French lost near ten thousand men, killed and wounded; the British and Spaniards, by their own reports, six thousand six hundred and sixteen men.

King Joseph left the first corps of the army on the Alberche, and moved with the fourth corps and the reserve to the relief of Toledo.* This city had a garrison of only fifteen hundred men; it was briskly attacked by a division of general Venegas's army, which had taken possession, on the 27th, of Aranjuez and Valdemoro.† Madrid had likewise been, a few days before, on the point of being occupied by the corps under general Wilson, who had advanced from Escalona as far as Naval-Carnero. The inhabitants of the capital had opened their gates and had come out in crowds, in their holiday clothes, to bid him welcome, having previously obliged three French battalions which composed the garrison to shut

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* See note 16. † See note 17.

themselves up in the fort of the Retiro. King Joseph sent a whole division into Toledo, and proceeded himself, on the 1st of August, to Illescas, from whence he could, as occasion might require, move against Venegas, support the first corps upon the Alberche, or repress any appearances of insurrection in Madrid.

The English made no attempts on marshal Victor; on the 3d of August, they retired to Oropeza, leaving the Spaniards at Talavera and the corps under Wilson at Escalona. In the night between the 4th and 5th, the combined Spanish and English forces hastily recrossed the Tagus at the bridge of Arzobispo, on hearing of the approach of the three corps under marshals Soult, Ney and Mortier, which were arriving from Salamanca by Puerto, to place themselves between the English army and the bridge of Almaraz.

The van guard of marshal Mortier forded the Tagus below the bridge of Arzobispo, at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th of August, while the Spaniards were indulging in their siesta; he surprised Cuesta's army and took their cannon, as well as the artillery which had been placed to defend the bridge. On the 11th, Venegas's army was defeated at Almonacid in La Mancha by general Sébastiani. The Spanish and Portuguese corps under Sir Robert Wilson was completely beaten, in the mountains of Banos, by part of marshal Ney's army, which was moving back towards Salamanca.

General Sir A. Wellesley's expedition into Estremadura was at least as hazardous a measure as that which had been attempted the preceding year by general Moore upon marshal Soult's force at Saldana. The English and Spanish armies would have fallen completely into the hands of the French, if the corps of marshals Soult, Ney and Mortier had arrived one single day sooner in Estremadura; but king Joseph had not ventured to dispose of those troops without having been previously authorised by the emperor Napoleon. It was only on the 22d, that he had communicated to Soult the order to concentrate them at Salamanca, and to march against the English; that marshal had received the order only on the 27th, had set out on the 28th, and notwithstanding all the diligence which he used, he had found it impracticable to reach Placentia before the 3d of August.*

The English and Spanish armies remained until the 20th of August behind the Tagus, occupying Messa de Ibor, Deleytosa and Jaraicejo, opposite to Almaraz, where the floating bridge had been destroyed by the Spaniards. The latter then retired to the Guadiana, and the British army returned into Portugal.

The invasion of Estremadura had obliged the French to call to the assistance of their central army the three corps destined to guard the northern pro-

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* See note 18.

vinces; and in consequence of this concentration they were now in great strength. The Spanish government continued obstinately, after the departure of the English army, to act in large masses; an army of fifty-five thousand men was assembled in the plains of La Mancha, and was completely beaten and dispersed, on the 10th of November, at Ocaña, by the single corps of Mortier, which consisted of scarcely 24,000 soldiers. There was little difficulty in beating, in set battles, troops levied in haste, without discipline, and which being ignorant of military manœuvres embarrassed each other by the very numbers in which they confided for success.

After the battle of Ocaña, the French ought to have assembled all their disposable forces anew, and have fallen rapidly upon Lisbon; instead of doing so, they crossed the Sierra-Morena, and occupied, without resistance, all Andalusia with the exception of the Isle of Léon and Cadiz. By extending themselves in this manner over the south of Spain, they gave the English time to fortify Portugal and to organize the military resources of that kingdom. The French weakened themselves by once more dispersing their forces over a great extent of territory; and the Spaniards were consequently enabled to wage, throughout almost the whole of Spain, that species of warfare which had so considerably annoyed their invaders in the Asturias, Gallicia and the north of Portugal.

As the Spanish armies, in succession, were de-

stroyed, the provincial juntas, no longer able to communicate with the central junta, had employed all their means in the local defence of the districts over which they presided. Those inhabitants who had hitherto endured their sufferings with patience, in anticipation of the victories of their armies, no longer looked to others for the means of shaking off the yoke of their oppressors. Every province, every village, every individual felt daily more and more the necessity of expelling the common enemy. The national hatred, which existed generally against the French, had caused a sort of concert in the undirected efforts of these people. To regular battles succeeded a system of petty warfare, a kind of organized disorder, which was perfectly suited to the unconquerable character of the Spanish nation and to the unfortunate circumstances of the time.

Those parts of Spain, which were occupied by the French, were soon filled with partizans and *quadrillas*, composed of disbanded soldiers and of peasants and mountaineers. Priests, ploughmen, students and simple shepherds were converted into active and enterprising leaders. These chiefs, without military authority, without permanent troops, were in the first instance, if I may use the expression, only standards, round which the country people by turns rallied and fought. The accounts of the slight advantages, which these numerous bands met with, were received with avidity by the people, and were circulated with all the exaggeration of the South.

They served to encourage those whom repeated defeats had, in other places, temporarily dispirited. The same vivacity of imagination and love of independence, which had been detrimental amidst the slow and uncertain operations of their regular armies, now insured the duration of the war; and it might be said of the Spaniards, that if it had been found easy at first to vanquish them, it had become almost impossible now to subjugate them.

When we moved from one province to another, the enemy's partizans immediately re-organized, in the name of Ferdinand VII., the districts we had just left, as if we were never to return; and they punished with severity such of the inhabitants as had shown any zeal for the French. The consequence was, that terror of our arms never secured influence around us. As the enemy was spread over the whole country, the various points occupied by the French were all, more or less, threatened; the troops which, after a victory, were distributed about for the purpose of preserving our conquests, found themselves from Irun to Cadiz in a continual state of blockade, and were, in fact, masters only of the soil on which they trod.

The garrisons on the military routes were incessantly attacked; they had been obliged to construct small citadels for their safety, by repairing old ruins of castles situated on the tops of the hills. Sometimes these castles were the remains of forts which the Romans or the Moors had constructed for a si-

milar purpose many years ago. In the plains, the posts of correspondence fortified one or two houses at the entrance of the villages, in order to be tranquil during the night, or to protect them in case of attack. The centinels durst not sometimes remain outside of the fortified enclosure, for fear of surprise; they placed themselves in some tower, or upon scaffoldings made of boards on the roof near the chimney, to enable them to see what was passing at a distance. The soldiers, thus shut up in their little citadels, frequently heard the joyous sounds of the guitars of their enemies, who always welcomed and feasted by the villagers, passed their nights in the neighbouring settlements.

The French armies could receive their provisions and ammunition only under the escort of strong detachments, which were continually harassed and frequently destroyed. These detachments encountered little resistance in the plains; but, as soon as they entered the mountains, they were under the necessity of opening the passage by force of arms. The continual losses which we experienced in some parts of Spain in procuring provisions and securing their arrival, were at least equivalent to what we should have undergone in a contest with enemies, who could have resisted us in pitched battles.

The Spaniards did not allow themselves to be discouraged by the duration of the war. In some provinces the peasants were always in arms; the ploughmen guided their ploughs with one hand, while the

other held a weapon ever ready, which they buried on the approach of the French, if they thought themselves too few to combat them. Their animosity encreased with all the oppressions which they suffered from the invaders. The evils, considered in other countries as the inevitable consequences of war and submitted to as irremediable, were to the Spaniards new sources of irritation and hatred. They employed, to satisfy their implacable resentment, by turns the greatest energy and the most artful dissimulation, when they felt themselves too weak for open resistance. Like vengeful vultures fastening on their prey, they followed the French columns to cut the throats of the soldiers whom wounds or lassitude prevented from keeping up with their companions. Sometimes too they feasted our men on their arrival and endeavoured to intoxicate them, that they might plunge them into a security a thousand times more dangerous than the chances of battle. They would on such occasions send for the partizans, and show them in the night the houses which our soldiers had imprudently entered. When other Frenchmen afterwards came to avenge the murder of their countrymen, the inhabitants were gone; and they found only deserted dwellings upon which to wreak a vengeance injurious to themselves, for they could not destroy the habitations, though empty, without annihilating their own resources for the future.

When our detachments made their appearance in force among the revolted towns of Biscay and Na-

varre, the alcades, the women and children came to meet us, as in the midst of profound peace; nothing was heard but the hammers of the mechanics. Immediately after our departure work ceased, the inhabitants resumed their arms to harass the detachment among the rocks, and cut off the rear-guards. This warfare, in which there was no fixed object for the imagination to rest upon, exhausted the courage and the patience of our soldiery.

The French could maintain themselves in Spain only by the influence of terror; they were constantly under the necessity of punishing the innocent with the guilty, of taking vengeance on the weak for the faults of the strong. Pillage had become indispensable to their existence; the irregularities, occasioned by the enmity of the population and the injustice of our cause, had injurious consequences upon the moral habits of the army and undermined the very foundations of discipline, without which regular troops have neither energy nor strength.

I returned to Spain towards the close of the year 1809, conducting to my regiment a detachment of eighty hussars. In the interior of France it was believed, conformably to the statements in newspapers, that the English having gone back to Portugal, after the battle of Talavera, were waiting only for a favourable wind to reimbark; that the conquered districts had been for a long time submissive to king Joseph; and that the French armies, tranquil in comfortable cantonments, were no longer occupied but in de-

stroying a few banditti who plundered and molested the peaceful inhabitants.

We joined several other detachments of light cavalry at Bayonne, and crossed the Bidassoa on our way to Irun. The inhabitants of every age had assembled at the gates of the town to see us, and followed us for some time with an air of curiosity. We thought at first that their intention was to manifest the satisfaction they felt at our arrival; we learnt some time afterwards that the people of Irun, as well as those of the other frontier towns, kept an exact account of the French who entered Spain, and of those who left it wounded; upon their reports the partizans and *quadrillas* directed their operations.

All the detachments which were going, as well as ourselves, to reinforce the different corps of our armies in Spain, were ordered to assemble in the towns of Vittoria and Miranda, to make an expedition against the Spanish insurgents of Navarre and La Rioça. General Simon left Vittoria on the 13th of December, with 1200 men, to occupy Salvatierra and Allegria. The commandants of the garrisons left in the towns of Navarre had formed columns of light troops, which were to join general Simon, after having beaten any parties of the enemy they should meet on their march; this species of military hunt was intended to rout the bands of the partizan Mina, who kept Pampeluna in a continual state of blockade, incessantly attacking the detachments and convoys which were destined for the French army of Arragon.

Generals Loison and Solignac commenced their march on the 16th from Vittoria and Miranda, and moved simultaneously by both banks of the Ebro upon Logronio, in order to surprise the marquis de Porliére in that town. The numerous *quadrillas* of this chief intercepted our communications on the road from Bayonne to Madrid, making every day incursions to the very gates of Burgos, Bribiesca, Pancorvo, Miranda and Vittoria. My detachment of hussars formed part of a body of four or five thousand men, commanded by general Loison. The infantry had left behind them their baggage, and even their knapsacks, that they might be more alert in climbing among the mountains.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th, we came in sight of Logronio. General Solignac's troops presented themselves at the same instant as ourselves before the town; they immediately occupied the gates and issues which are on the right bank of the Ebro, while we were taking possession of the bridge which communicates with the left bank of that river. We flattered ourselves for a moment with having surrounded the partizans in Logronio; but we soon afterwards, to our great surprise, entered the town without the slightest opposition. The marquis de Porliére had been informed in the morning of our combined approach, and had escaped through by-paths into the mountains of Castille. The townspeople, men and women, were at their windows to see us pass; an air of great satisfaction showed itself

universally in their looks; they rejoiced that Porliére had escaped us, but assuredly not at seeing us; for they well knew, from past experience, that we were come to levy the arrears of contributions upon them.

General Solignac went the next day in search of the enemy. He met at Najéra a small Spanish party, which he pursued to La Calzada de Santo Domingo, thinking that he was about to come up with the main body of the partizans; it was a stratagem of Porliére's, to make us hasten in a direction opposite to that which he had himself taken with his little army. General Loison followed Solignac to Najéra on the 19th; we were obliged to remain two whole days in this town, in order to obtain new information respecting the enemy, whose traces we had entirely lost.

The 21st, we learnt at last that the marquis de Porliére had taken the road to Soto. This place, situated in the mountains, was the seat of a provincial junta, and contained magazines of arms, ammunition and clothing. We renewed our pursuit of the partizans, following the course of the Najérillo. General Loison's division went to pass some hours of the night in a village at the foot of the high mountains, ten leagues south of Soto. A detachment composed of my hussars, one hundred and fifty Polish lancers, and two hundred light-infantry continued to follow the enemy; I led the advance of the detachment with twenty-five hussars.

We passed through narrow and difficult roads

surrounded with snow, and at sun-rise came up with the enemy's rear-guard and took a few prisoners. We halted for some hours to feed our horses and to give general Loison time to approach us. At noon we resumed our march on the left bank of a small river which descends towards Soto.

We could see upon the elevated summits of the mountains on our right the country-people running off with their cattle. Small parties of Spanish horsemen, who were left on the heights, successively set off at a gallop as soon as they perceived us. The priests and alcades of the hamlets which we traversed brought, with feigned zeal, refreshments as we passed, for the purpose of delaying our progress. Out of fifty or sixty peasants of every age whom I questioned in different places, there was not one who did not attempt to deceive us, declaring that they had seen none of the partizans and that there were none at Soto. However, horses dying with fatigue, which had been left on the road with their loads still upon them, proved at almost every step that we were not far from the enemy. When we came in sight of Soto, about a quarter of a league from it, we were suddenly saluted by thirty or forty musket shot, and we saw some armed peasants jump from behind the rocks where they had lain in ambush, and run towards the town with all their speed. We halted in order to wait for the infantry and the major who commanded the detachment. We could find no place

to form line upon the height, and remained in single file on the narrow path by which we had arrived.

Soto is situated at the bottom of a narrow valley, which is traversed by a torrent. Beyond the town rises a very steep mountain, on the sides of which a winding road has been traced. On this road we could see the partizans effecting their retreat. The magistrates of the junta of Soto and a great number of priests covered with black cloaks marched foremost; they had almost reached the top of the mountain, and were followed by their treasure and by baggage loaded on mules tied one behind the other. Then came soldiers in uniform and a great number of countrymen armed with fowling pieces, who marched without any order. A crowd of inhabitants of both sexes and of all ages were hurrying out of the town pell-mell with the partizans. The agitation of so many human beings, hastening to climb the heights by the different winding paths, offered a most picturesque spectacle.

Disorder manifested itself among the Spaniards the moment they saw us; and they accelerated their march along the whole extent of the road. Seeing afterwards that we were only a small van-guard, they took courage, and the side of the mountain resounded with their long and guttural shouts. Those who were nearest stopped and placed themselves upon rocks, from whence they took aim at us with their guns, uttering these words intermingled with a thousand insults: "Come on if you dare, and take a

nearer look at the *brigands.*" Our soldiers had given them this appellation on account of their disorderly mode of fighting; they were separated from us by a ravine four or five hundred feet in depth, at the bottom of which flows the river.

The marquis de Porliére left, to cover his retreat, a troop of cavalry in advance of the gate by which we were to enter Soto; and stationed, at a short distance beyond the river, four or five hundred infantry on the rocks and terrasses which command the town. These men could, in all events, retire upon our approach, without themselves running any risk and after having done us a good deal of harm.

The major of the 26th regiment of the line, who commanded us, judged the enemy's position too strong to be attacked in front, and he determined to turn it. A hundred and fifty of our light infantry went down into the ravine, forded the river in our sight, climbed afterwards with considerable difficulty the opposite mountain, and skirmished some time with the enemy without gaining any ground on them. Their ammunition then began to be exhausted; they retired to a little chapel on the summit of the mountain, and sent two men to inform us of their situation. The shouts, the threats and the fire of the Spaniards then redoubled; they had perceived that the light infantry had sent for assistance, and that we were unable to afford it.

The captain commanding the enemy's cavalry came forward a short distance in front of his troop,

which was stationed at the entrance of the town, and began to provoke, by injurious terms, the officer at the head of our guard of hussars. He was making his horse curvet, and was flourishing his sword, to shew that he knew how to handle it dexterously. The French officer at first looked at him very coolly; but tired at last of his bravadoes and of the shouts of the Spaniards on the opposite hill, he went alone down the narrow and steep path which led to Soto. When he came within a few paces, the Spanish captain turned his horse's head, and quietly joined his troopers.

However, our major's uneasiness was increasing every instant; general Loison did not appear, the day was far advanced, we could hear no more firing from the top of the mountain, and we had no intelligence of our light infantry.

When night came on, we heard the Spanish drums beat a kind of assembly, and we then beheld a brisk fire of musketry between two parties at the bottom of the valley, which were disputing the passage of the river. The firing was succeeded by a profound silence.

Darkness and distance adding to our uncertainty, we supposed that our light infantry men had come down from the mountain to force their way through the enemy, and we feared that they would be overwhelmed by number. The major sent my detachment to their relief. On entering the town we encountered, instead of the Spaniards, Loison's division

which was filing through; this division, misled by its guides, had taken a very circuitous road quite different from that on which we had come. The engagement which from a distance had appeared so severe, had taken place between our light infantry, who had actually come down into the town, and the grenadiers of Loison's advance. The two parties fortunately recognized each other after the second volley; night had prevented them from taking correct aim, and they lost but one man between them.

The town of Soto was abandoned by its inhabitants. The air soon echoed with the voices of our soldiers, who were traversing the narrow streets and breaking down the doors, in search of provisions and lodging. Amidst these confused sounds, which were repeated by the neighbouring mountains, we could distinguish the shrieks of a female maniac, who with a voice more than human, ceased not, during the whole night, to scream for help. She had been left by the people in the hospital, and was violently affected by the commotion, novel to her, which she could distinguish through the grated windows of the room where she was confined. Her voice sounded amidst the tumult, as if it were the organ of the whole departed population. In the mean time a fire broke out on the heights; we heard walls tumbling down with a loud crash, and soon afterwards an explosion, and then beheld the burning fragments of an edifice launched into the atmosphere. It was caused by some boxes of fixed ammunition which

the enemy had concealed under straw, not being able to convey them away.

We left Soto at sun-rise, and for two days and a night followed the traces of the partizans through Munilla and Cervera. Despairing then of overtaking them, we cantoned ourselves in the village of Arnedo, and afterwards returned to Logronio.

General Simon succeeded no better than ourselves in his expedition against Mina. This partizan, having been attacked on the 19th at Estella and on the 20th at Puente de la Reyna, dispersed his followers, and escaped from the troops which were marching upon him from every quarter. Immediately after Simon's departure he rallied his bands. The marquis de Porliére, driven from the mountains of Castille, retraced his steps and threw himself into those of the Asturias. He had not lost thirty men in his retreat, during which he was pursued by troops surpassing his, four times at least in number.

It appears from the reports of the different French commanders at that epoch, that similar bands existed in all the other provinces of Spain. They did incalculable mischief to our armies, and it was impossible to destroy them. Incessantly pursued, often routed, they soon rallied again and recommenced their incursions.

We remained a whole month in the province of la Rioça, while general Loison was levying the arrears of contributions, and then resumed our route to Burgos in order to join our regiment in Anda-

lusia. We arrived at Madrid on the 25th of January. We halted five days at a village near that capital to wait for a detachment of our regiment, which was coming on direct from France with baggage, money, and a great number of horses to remount the cavalry. When they joined us, an adjutant-major who had them in charge assumed the command of our whole column of hussars; we traversed La Mancha, and soon reached Santa Cruz, a village situated at the foot of the Sierra Morena. These mountains, which separate La Mancha from Andalusia, are peopled by a colony of Germans who were brought hither in 1781, by the count d'Olivades. The oldest of these colonists followed us for hours together, to enjoy once more in their lives the pleasure of speaking their native tongue with such of our hussars as were Germans.

We entered the province of Andalusia immediately after crossing the mountains. A marked difference is here perceptible in the warmth of the atmosphere; and the magnificence of the landscape forms a strong contrast with the sterility of the Sierra Morena or black mountains, which we were leaving behind us. The farmers were engaged in gathering their olives, and the country had, even at the close of winter, that smiling and animated appearance which is not to be seen in northern climates, except during the seasons of harvest and vintage.

On our left were the mountains of the kingdom of Jaen, and we could distinguish in the back ground

the snow-capt summits of the Sierra Nevada of Grenada. These peaks afforded the last retreats in which the Moors sheltered themselves before their final expulsion from Spain.

The road passed between long plantations of olive trees, under whose protecting shade vines and wheat grow alternately. The fields are enclosed by hedges of aloes, whose leaves are sharp as lances, and whose slender stems rise perpendicularly to the height of trees. At intervals were seen, behind the habitations, thick orchards of orange trees, and on the uncultivated banks of the rivulets, red and white laurels which were now in bloom. Here and there too were scattered some old palm trees, which the priests preserved in their gardens, to distribute the branches on Palm Sunday.

We marched along one or the other bank of the Guadalquivir, according to the different bendings of that river between Andujar and Cordova. The country is less pittoresque in advancing towards Seville; sometimes we crossed plains of wheat, several leagues in extent, without either tree or habitation, and sometimes immense uncultivated wastes, on which numerous flocks were pasturing.

Andalusia is, unquestionably, the most fertile and opulent province of Spain. There is a proverb current in the Castilles and La Mancha, that "the water alone of the Guadalquivir fattens horses better than the barley of other countries." The bread of Andalusia passes for the whitest and most exquisite in

the world, and the olives are of extraordinary size. The sky of Andalusia is so serene and pure, that one may sleep in the open air almost the whole year; it is no uncommon thing to see people, in summer, and even sometimes in winter, sleeping at night under porticoes. Many individuals, who are not rich, travel without troubling themselves to provide a lodging; they carry their provisions with them, or buy such as are prepared for passengers of this description, by women, who cook on chafing dishes, at the entrance and on the public squares of all the large towns. The poor never enquire of each other, as in northern countries, if they have a comfortable roof to sleep under, but if they have a good cloak which may protect them in summer from immediate contact with the rays of the sun, and shelter them from the rains in winter.

In Andalusia, the traces and improvements of the Arabs are discernible at every step, much more than in the other parts of the peninsula; it is this singular mixture of the customs and habits of the east with the manners of Christendom, which particularly distinguishes the Spaniards from other Europeans. The town houses are almost all constructed after the Moorish fashion; they have, in their interior, a court-yard paved with large flags, in the middle of which is a fountain spouting fillets of water to cool the air; this bason is shaded with lemon or cypress trees. Arbours of orange trees are sometimes planted near the walls, bearing leaves, blossoms and fruit through-

out the year. The different apartments communicate with each other through the court. There is generally an interior portico on the side next the front door. In the ancient palaces of the Moorish kings and nobles, as in the Alhambra at Grenada, these courts are surrounded by peristyles or porticoes, whose narrow and numerous arcades are supported by slender and lofty pillars. The ordinary houses have only one little court, very simple in its decorations; and at one of the angles is a cistern, generally shaded by a large lemon tree. A sort of jar, to cool the water, is usually suspended near the door, where there is a current of air; it is called *alcaraza;* this Arabic word indicates its Moorish origin.

There is one of these uncovered courts in the body of the cathedral at Cordova, which was once a mosque; like those of private houses, it is shaded by lemon and cypress trees, and contains basons in which the water is continually renewed by perpendicular jets. On entering the consecrated part of the *mezquita* or mosque, (it preserves this name to the present day) one is struck with surprise at the sight of a multiplicity of columns of different coloured marble; these are arranged in parallel rows near each other, and support arcades of open fret work, on which rests a wooden cieling. The whole gives the idea of an immense grove of palm trees, whose branches bent in regular shapes meet at their extremities.

The chapel, where the koran used to be kept, is now devoted to Saint Peter. An altar for mass, and a choir, where the canons chaunt the church-service, have been erected in the middle of this moslem place of worship, and have converted it into a Christian temple. These changes occur frequently in Spain, and recall the remembrance of the triumph of Christianity over Islamism.

The Andalusians raise immense flocks of sheep, which they pasture in the plains during winter, and send in summer to seek their food on the summits of the mountains. The custom of migrating with their flocks every year at regular periods, is derived from Arabia, where it is very ancient.

The Andalusian horses are descended from that generous breed which the Arabs formerly brought with them; and the same distinctions with regard to their pure and noble blood, which prevail in Arabia, exist also in Spain. The Andalusian horse is spirited and gentle; the sound of the trumpet rejoices and animates him, the smoke and noise of fire-arms do not alarm him. He is very sensible to the voice and caresses of his master; in consequence, when he is overcome with fatigue, instead of beating, his rider flatters and encourages him; the horse then seems to resume his strength, and does sometimes from emulation and to please his master, what he could not have been forced to by violence.

We often took with us Spanish peasants, who conducted our baggage, provisions and ammunition

on their horses and mules. One day I overheard one of these men, after a long speech to his horse, which was much fatigued, whisper with earnestness in the animal's ear, as if to save him from mortification before strangers: "*If you don't take care they will see you.*" At the same instant, a boy was crying to his ass, whilst he beat him with all his strength: "*Cursed be the mother which bore thee!*" Asses are treated more severely than horses; they are not supposed to have any sense of honour.

Travelling is usually performed on horseback, and merchandise is in some provinces yet transported generally on mules; the fine artificial roads which traverse the kingdom are of very modern date. The streets of the ancient towns are narrow and crooked; the stories of the houses jut out one over the other. It is evident that such streets, which are of Moorish construction, were never meant for the passage of carriages. The inns of Andalusia, as of Spain generally, with the exception of a few that have been established by Italians in some of the great cities, are vast caravanserais where one meets only with lodging and stable room for horses and mules; travellers carry their own provisions with them and sleep on their saddle-cloths. The people of the country travel in small caravans whenever they leave the main roads, and carry guns at their saddle-bows, for fear of the smugglers who are very numerous in the mountains of Grenada and of the southern coast between Malaga and Cadiz. In some parts of Spain the country-

people, especially the common labourers, sleep on mats which they roll up and carry about with them. This oriental custom explains the words of our Saviour to the man afflicted with the palsy: "*Take up thy bed and walk.*"

The women of the lower orders sit in the Moorish manner on circular wicker mats; and in some convents in Spain where the ancient customs have been transmitted without alteration, the nuns are yet in the habit of squatting themselves down like the Turks, without knowing that they inherit this posture from the enemies of the Christian faith. The *mantilla*, a kind of large woollen veil which the lower class of females generally wear in Andalusia, and which sometimes conceals the whole of their faces, has its origin in the piece of cloth which the eastern women wrap round them when they go abroad. The different descriptions of *fandangos* very much resemble the lascivious dances of the east. The custom of dancing with castagnets and of singing *seguidillas*, still prevails among the Arabs of Egypt as well as in Spain. They to this day call a scorching wind, which blows from the eastward, the wind of Medina.

The Andalusians and the Spaniards in general are temperate like the Orientals, in the midst of abundance, from religious principle; they consider intemperance as an abuse of the gifts which the Deity bestows on mankind, and hold in great contempt those who are addicted to it. They eat every day at their meals a piece of salt pork. This meat, which in hot

countries is unwholesome, is prohibited by the religion of the Mahometans, who hold it in abomination. At the time when Spain was re-conquered from the Moors by the Christians, before the entire expulsion of that people, there were in Andalusia many Mahometans and Jews who were converted in appearance only, that they might be permitted to remain in the country; the Spanish Christians then ate pork as the means of recognizing each other, and it was, if one may so express oneself, a sort of profession of faith.

There exists, even at the present time, so striking an analogy in the method of making war practised by the inhabitants of some parts of Spain and by the different tribes with which the French were engaged on the banks of the Nile, that if one were to substitute in some pages of the history of the Egyptian campaign, Spanish for Arabian names, it would seem like the recital of the events which occurred in the Peninsula.

The national and local troops, or levies in mass, of the Spaniards fight in disorder and with loud shouts. They have, in attacking on open ground, the same impetuosity, the same fury mingled with despair and fanaticism which distinguish the Arabs. Often too, like those people, they are discouraged without sufficient cause, and give up the contest at the very moment when they were about to be victorious; but when they fight behind walls and intrenchments, their firmness is unconquerable. The Egyptians used to flee into the passes of the mountains beyond the de-

sert; the Spaniards abandoned their dwellings at the approach of our troops, and carried their most valuable effects into their strong holds.

In Spain, as in Egypt, our soldiers could not remain a few steps behind their columns without being immediately massacred. In short, the inhabitants of the south of Spain had in their souls that rancorous hatred and with it that mobility of imagination, which characterize the Orientals; like them they were disheartened by the slightest rumours of disaster, and again were up in arms on the smallest prospect of success. The Spaniards often, as well as the Arabs, committed the utmost excesses of ferocity upon their prisoners; and sometimes too they exercised towards them the most noble and generous hospitality.

After traversing Andujar, Cordova, Essica and Carmona, we arrived at Seville, where we received marshal Soult's orders to join our regiment at Ronda, a town situated ten leagues from Gibraltar. We had been struck by the profound tranquillity which reigned in the plains of Andalusia. Most of the large cities had sent deputations to king Joseph; but this apparent tranquillity existed only in the open country where the French forces were numerous. The inhabitants of the kingdoms of Murcia and Grenada, of the province of Ronda, in short of all the mountainous districts which traverse or encompass Andalusia, and which separate it from Estremadura and Portugal, were all simultaneously in arms.

We set out from Seville on the 18th of March,

slept at Outrera, and on the 19th proceeded to Moron, a large village at the foot of the mountains of Ronda; the villagers were on the eve of joining their neighbours the mountaineers, who had already been a long time in a state of insurrection. The greater part of the population of Moron assembled on their principal square at the moment of our arrival. The men looked at us with an air of restrained fury and followed our slightest motions with their looks, not to satisfy their curiosity merely, but to familiarize themselves with the sight of enemies whom they intended shortly to combat, and to lose that apprehension of what is unknown, which operates so forcibly on people of vivid imaginations. Some of the women were dressed in English stuffs, on which were stamped the portraits of Ferdinand the Seventh and of such Spanish generals as had distinguished themselves against the French. When we beheld the fermentation and spirit of revolt which prevailed in the village, we resolved to lodge all together in three inns which joined each other. If we had dispersed ourselves to sleep in the houses of the inhabitants, we should probably all have been murdered during the night.

We were not well prepared for fighting, because we had with us a number of led horses besides the military chest and a good deal of clothing belonging to the regiment, which were carried on mules and asses; all this rendered our march slow and difficult. A sergeant and myself were the only persons of the

party who had been in Spain before, and who could speak the language. Every day I used to set out an hour before the detachment for the place where we were to sleep, and to procure provisions and quarters.

On leaving Moron we entered the mountains, intending to reach Olbera that night. I had as usual preceded the detachment, and was accompanied by a single hussar and a corporal, who had been selected to perform the duties of quarter-master-sergeant. Two leagues from Moron I knocked at a farm-house situated on the mountain; a middle-aged man opened the door with an appearance of terror. I requested him to give me something to drink, which he immediately did with extraordinary readiness. I learnt afterwards that there were at the time in the house five smugglers, who were apprehensive of being discovered.

Our advanced guard soon overtook us, and I began to fear that I should not have time to prepare quarters and provisions before the arrival of the detachment. We could travel but slowly, because the road was hilly and rough, and our horses had been constantly on the march for several months. I gave my horse to the hussar to lead, and mounted that of a guide whom we had pressed at Moron. I set out before my companions, and arrived alone in sight of Olbera. A deep valley without trees, accessible only by an abrupt road, separated me from that town, which is situated among the rocks on the top of a lofty eminence that commands the surrounding

country. As I advanced, the peasants who were working in the adjoining fields, in groupes of eight or ten, as is the custom of the country, enquired of each other with looks of surprise what could be the cause of my appearance, and immediately left their work to come into the path behind me. The townspeople had already discovered my approach, and were crowding upon the rocks to watch my motions.

I began to fear that there were no French troops in Olbera as I had been led to expect, and stopped at the bottom of the valley surprised at the encreasing agitation which I beheld. For an instant I hesitated whether I should not turn back; but I thought it my duty to proceed at all hazards. My horse was tired with the speed which I had made, and the road by which I should have to return was excessively steep; besides I was closely followed by a band of labourers who had pick-axes in their hands. These men soon came up and surrounded me; they asked what province I was from, where I was going, and what was the news? I immediately found that they supposed me to be in the Spanish service; my uniform of dark brown was the occasion of their mistake. I took good care not to undeceive them, uncertain whether I could do so without the risk of my life. My object was to gain time until the arrival of our detachment, by making these people believe that I was a Swiss officer in the service of the junta, and that I was going to Gibraltar; I added that the

marquis de la Romana had just gained a great victory near Badajos. The peasants listened to the news with eagerness, and repeated it to each other with a thousand imprecations against the French, which gave me a melancholy prospect of the fate which awaited me should I be recognized.

I enquired in my turn if there were none of those cursed French in their town. They replied that king Joseph had been forced back from Gaucin with all his guards, that he had abandoned Ronda several days before, and that that city was already occupied by ten thousand mountaineers. It was at Ronda we expected to join our regiment; if it had actually fallen into the enemy's hands, our detachment must necessarily be destroyed in those mountains. The peasants stopped to drink at a spring by the road side, and I continued my way up the eminence.

Soon afterwards I perceived five men, armed and equipped like soldiers, who were hastening to get before me by a cross-path, and who entered Olbera. Loud shouts were soon heard, and I had no doubt that these men had brought intelligence of the approach of the detachment and of my being a French officer. I stopped once more, hesitating whether I should go on. The inhabitants who were watching me from the rocks above, perceived my uncertainty and redoubled their exclamations. The women had assembled in great numbers on a height near the entrance of the town; their shrill voices mingled with those of the men, like the whistling of the wind

in a tempest. I determined to proceed; I am persuaded that I should have been killed if I had attempted a retreat. I was met soon afterwards by a corrégidor, an alcade and two priests, who were preceded by five or six persons, at the head of whom was a young fellow who, as I afterwards learnt, was the *gracioso* of the place. He said to me in Spanish, with a sneer: "certainly the women of Olbera are very fond of the French; they will receive you kindly;" and repeated with a grin several other jokes of the same kind. One of his companions asked in a loud tone what number of Frenchmen were following me? I told him there were about two hundred. He immediately answered rudely, "that is false; there are not one hundred including yourself; these five men who have just entered the town saw them from the farm-house on the road to Moron." This made it clear that they knew what I was. The priests and the corrégidor having approached, I thought for an instant by their ill-boding looks, that they were going to propose to me the ceremony of extreme unction. I distinguished amid the confusion of voices, these words distinctly articulated: "he must be hanged, he is a Frenchman, he is the devil himself, he is the devil incarnate."

The clamour suddenly ceased, to my great surprise, and the Spaniards dispersed; the corporal, hussar and guide, whom I had left behind, had just made their appearance on the opposite height; those of the inhabitants who had stationed themselves on

the highest rocks had mistaken them for the head of our detachment, and gave notice to the crowd which surrounded me. The corrégidor and alcade, immediately altered their tone; they told me, with many bows, that they were the magistrates of the place, and that they were ready to receive my commands, agreeably to the decree of king Joseph, which directed all the constituted authorities in Spain to present themselves before the French troops and to treat them with every attention. My confidence encreased with the respect which these gentlemen showed me and the fears which they betrayed; I advised them, with threats, to keep the inhabitants quiet, and ordered them to prepare, without delay, provisions for the troops that were about to arrive.

The corrégidor, to palliate the treatment I had received, entreated me not to attach any importance to the bawling of a few drunkards, who amused themselves with exciting the populace; and when I asked what those five armed men, who had preceded me, were doing in the town, one of the priests answered with a soothing tone and a sort of irony, that they were sportsmen who had been shooting birds, and that the sacks they carried on their backs were full of game. I was under the necessity of putting up with this excuse, bad as it was; I dismounted, and walked with the priests and the magistrates to the town-hall, which was situated in the great square at the upper end of the place, and we set about writing out the billets for quartering our men.

The corporal, who was following me, left the hussar with my horse at the entrance of the town, and soon afterwards galloped up to the door of the house in which I was. Scarcely had he dismounted, when the Spaniards precipitated themselves into the neighbouring streets with violent outcries; they had expected the appearance of a numerous troop, and when they saw a single horseman traverse their town, they recovered from their panic and rushed furiously out of their houses. Their rage was such that several were trodden down in coming through a vaulted passage which formed one of the entrances of the great square. I quickly stepped to the balcony, and called to the corporal to come up; which he did, and we locked and barricaded ourselves in the council-hall. The mob stopped a moment to take possession of the horse, portmanteau and pistols of the corporal; the ring-leaders threw themselves upon the staircase, came to the door of the apartment in which we were with the corrégidor and the priests, and called to us to surrender.

I first of all made the corrégidor, whom I had in my power, order them to remain quiet, and then told them that our detachment would quickly make its appearance; that we should sell our lives dearly, and if they attempted to come in, their ghostly father should be the first victim of their fury. Fearing that the door would soon be burst open, I retreated a few steps to the narrow entrance into an adjoining room, holding the priest by the arm to make use of

him as a shield; I drew my sabre, ordered the corporal to do the same thing, and to remain at the opposite end of the apartment, so as to prevent the second priest and the corrégidor from seizing me by the shoulders. The shouts quickly recommenced, and the people, who had been parleying with us, were pressed forward by the crowd, which filled the square and the staircase. The door received some severe shocks; it was beginning to yield to the weight of the numbers who assaulted it. I then said to the old priest: "I beg your pardon, father; you see that I can no longer resist this populace; necessity obliges me to make you share my fate, and we must die together."

The younger priest, alarmed at the danger of his superior as well as his own, stepped to the balcony, and cried out with a loud voice to the mob that their ghostly father would infallibly perish if they did not instantly retire. The women uttered piercing shrieks on hearing these words, and the crowd fell back at once; such was the veneration of these people for their clergymen.

We sustained for some time this species of blockade. The square at last ceased to ring with the clamour of the infuriated mob; and the sound of the horses' feet, as our detachment was forming in line at the end of the village, suddenly struck my ear as distinctly at mid-day, as if we had been in the profound silence of night. We walked down to the troops with the corrégidor and the old priest; the

latter we kept as our safeguard. I told my comrades what had happened, and advised them to proceed that very day to Ronda, as soon as we had fed our horses. The adjutant-major, who commanded us, insisted notwithstanding my remonstrances, on passing the night at Olbera, and observed, rather reproachfully, that regular troops must never allow themselves to be put out of their way by a pack of peasants. This officer had been passing some years in France at the depôt of our regiment; he did not know the Spaniards.

We formed our bivouac in a meadow surrounded by a wall, adjoining the inn which is on the road at the end of the town. The inhabitants remained apparently quiet during the remainder of the day, and furnished us with provisions; but instead of a young ox which I had asked for, they brought us an ass cut up in quarters. The hussars found this veal, as they called it, rather insipid; but it was not till long afterwards that we were made acquainted with this odd deception by the mountaineers themselves. They often called to us, when we were skirmishing with them: "You are the fellows who ate the ass at Olbera." This was in their opinion, the most bitter insult which could be offered to Christians.

Not daring to attack us within the enclosure where we were intrenched, they prepared themselves for the moment of our departure, and sent word to the neighbouring villages, to place ambuscades and lie in wait for us the following day on the road to Ron-

da. Towards evening they assumed a menacing attitude, assembled in great numbers upon the rocks, and formed themselves, like a close fence, around the entrance to our bivouac. There they remained motionless, observing our proceedings. A few voices, quickly silenced however by the alcades, now and then broke out in insults to our sentries.

The priest presented himself at our bivouac a little before night, and asked to speak with me. He said that he had caused excellent lodgings to be prepared for our principal officers, and pressed much that we should accept them. His intention, as we afterwards learnt, was to make us prisoners, in the hope that our men would not know how to defend themselves the following day, when deprived of their officers. I refused his invitation; he then asked if I was angry at what had passed in the morning, and if we suspected any danger from the towns-people. I answered that we felt neither resentment nor suspicion. He then requested that I would myself, at least, come to his house, where he would treat me with every attention. I consulted with my comrades, and it was agreed that I should go alone with him, to show the people that we had no intentions of vengeance, and thus prevent their attacking us during the night. My friends were in some measure influenced by the hope that I should find means to send them some supper. I returned to the priest and desired that he would pledge his sacred word that no harm should befal me; he did so without hesita-

tion; and to prove to him my entire confidence, I left my sword with the centinel, and followed him unarmed.

We walked together through the town; all the people whom we met saluted my guide respectfully, and then looked menacingly at me; when they approached so near as to induce me to apprehend a surprise, the priest made them retire by a single look and motion of his brow; such was the authority conferred on him by his holy profession.

We soon reached the parsonage and were received by the priest's housekeeper, a tall female thirty-five or forty years of age; she presented us with chocolate and biscuits, and then served up our meal on a table near the kitchen chimney. I sent supper to my brother officers, and took my seat at the table; the priest sat opposite to me, and the housekeeper took a chair on his right hand, almost under the chimney, which was a very high one. After a short silence, the priest asked me if I would not hear mass the next day before I set out; I answered that I was not a catholic. At these words his features contracted themselves, and the housekeeper, who had never before seen a heretic, shuddered upon her chair, uttered an involuntary exclamation, and heaved a deep sigh. Then after rapidly muttering several ave Marias, she consulted the priest's physiognomy to discover what impression she ought to feel at the sight of so terrible an apparition. Popular descriptions, and the pictures in some of their churches represent heretics spout-

ing flames from their mouths. She soon, however, recovered her tranquillity on seeing her master renew our conversation.

After supper my landlord, observing that I must be much fatigued, offered me a bed which, he said, would be better at any rate than our bivouac; seeing that I hesitated, he added, that it would be well to let the mob disperse, and that I must wait there a few hours at any rate. It then occurred to me that he wanted to detain me at his house, and afterwards give me up to the populace. I have been since informed that this was actually his project; and that he was the chief of the insurrection; some circumstances, however, which I became acquainted with long afterwards, induce me to think that his intention was to make me prisoner for the purpose of saving me from the massacre, which both he and his flock destined for our whole detachment.

As he had it in his power to betray me, if he chose, I took care to conceal my suspicions. I told him I would accept his offer, as he had pledged his sacred word for my safety; that I would go to sleep, but begged him to wake me in two hours at farthest, because my comrades, if they did not see me return before midnight, were very likely to set fire to the four corners of the town. I was then conducted into an adjoining chamber; I went to bed, a thing which rarely happened to us in Spain; the priest wished me good night and then carried away the lamp.

The profound darkness in which I was left did

not contribute to the agreeableness of my situation; I reproached myself for having left my sabre, which I regretted as a faithful companion that might inspire me with good counsel. I could hear the murmurs of the people passing to and fro under my windows. The priest opened the door from time to time, and advanced his white head, holding forward the lamp to see if I was asleep; I pretended to be soundly so, and he would gently withdraw himself.

Several persons entered the adjoining room; at first they spoke in a calm tone, then confusedly and together, this was followed by intervals of silence, as if they had apprehended that I should wake and overhear their conversation; again they would whisper with great vivacity. I passed two hours in this manner, reflecting on what I had best do. I determined at last to call the priest; he came in at once, and I informed him that I must immediately return to the detachment. He left the lamp behind him, and went away without making any reply, no doubt to consult with the people who were in the house about what he should do with me.

While things were in this situation, our sergeant (the one who spoke Spanish) made his appearance, to my great joy, in my room, accompanied by the corrégidor. He informed me that my brother officers were very uneasy, and had sent him to enquire what had become of me; that the inhabitants already considered me as their prisoner; that they had determined to attack us the following day, and swore that

not one of us should escape. I dressed myself in haste, and again summoned the priest to keep his word, assuring him that my companions threatened to destroy the town if I did not return speedily. Fortunately for me the preparations of the insurgents were not completed; the priest dared not detain me any longer; he called the corrégidor and one of the alcades, with a few more individuals, who placed us in the midst of them, and conducted us through the crowd back to our bivouac.

The sergeant who had been sent to me was a Norman, brave as his own sword. He concealed, under the appearance of the greatest simplicity all the cleverness which is commonly attributed to his countrymen; he had insinuated himself with the inhabitants, by saying that he was the son of an officer of the Walloon guards, who was a prisoner in France with king Charles the Fourth; that he had himself been forced to enlist with us, but that he had for a long while been seeking an opportunity of deserting. The Spaniards of these mountains are, like the savages, by turns cunning and credulous. They gave credit to the sergeant's tale, pitied him, gave him money, and confided to him part of their project. It was from him we learnt that the people of the neighbouring villages were to assemble in great numbers the next day, in order to attack us in a dangerous defilee on the road to Ronda. This lucky discovery saved us from a complete defeat.

The priest and corrégidor returned to us the fol-

lowing morning at the moment we were setting off, and asked for a certificate of the good treatment we had experienced at Olbera. They were in hopes that the threatening aspect of the inhabitants would induce us to comply with their demand. We answered that they should have the certificate, when they restored the articles which had been taken from the corporal who shut himself up with me in the town hall. We had already more than once applied for these things.

The corrégidor and priest went back in silence along the way which led to the upper town, and in a few moments cries of alarm were heard around us; the inhabitants had just massacred six hussars and two blacksmiths, who had imprudently gone to the forge to shoe their horses. The firing of small arms now commenced. We hastily mounted our horses, and the principal part of the detachment followed the adjutant-major, who commanded us, to the spot selected for our alarm post, about musket-shot distance from the town. I remained at the bivouac with ten hussars to cover the retreat and protect the baggage, which was not yet loaded on the mules, because the Spanish muleteers had all run away during the night.

One of my comrades soon came back to inform me that our rear-guard was on the point of being surrounded, and that the Spaniards were keeping up a heavy fire of musketry on the detachment, from the rocks above and from the windows of the houses

at the extremity of the town, through which my party was obliged to pass. Having no hope of being relieved, we resolved to cut our way through the enemy. My horse received a shot in the neck, and fell; I reined him up with violence, and got safe to the detachment. My comrade soon afterwards had his arm shattered by a musket ball. Almost all the hussars who followed us, fell in succession. Some women, or rather furies broken loose from the infernal regions, precipitated themselves with horrible shrieks upon our poor wounded fellows, and rivalled each other in inflicting upon them the most horrible tortures. They drove knives and scissars into their eyes, and bathed their arms and hands in their blood. The excess of their rage against the invaders of their country had divested them of every feeling of humanity.

Our detachment had remained all this time motionless, facing the enemy, in order to receive us. The inhabitants did not venture to leave their rocks and houses; and with our horses it was impossible for us to close with them and take vengeance for our slaughtered comrades. We called the roll in their presence, placed the wounded, who had escaped, in the center, and slowly took up our line of march.

As it had been impossible to procure a guide, we followed, without knowing whither it went, the first path which led from the main road, on which we knew that the mountaineers were in ambuscade, and we wandered about the fields for a considerable time.

We at last saw a man making his escape out of a farm; he was mounted on a mule. I galloped and overtook him; he was then placed between two hussars of the advance, with orders, on pain of instant death, to conduct us to Ronda. Without this peasant, whom chance threw into our hands, we should never have found our way through this unknown country. Thus had we to wrestle incessantly, not with foreseen military difficulties as in regular warfare, but with innumerable obstacles, which proceeding from national spirit alone were renewed and multiplied without end at every step we made.

Scarcely had we entered a valley of considerable extent, when we perceived on the heights to our left a body of twelve or fifteen hundred men, who were watching our motions; among them we could distinguish a number of women and even children. They were the inhabitants of Setenil and the neighbouring villages, who had been informed of our having changed our route, and had set off in pursuit of us. They were running precipitately in hopes of cutting us off from a defilee which lay in our front.

We put our horses to a trot, in order not to let them pass us, and got fortunately in time to the defilee. We soon afterwards found that we were surrounded by a cloud of peasants, who detached themselves in a disorderly manner from the main body, and kept firing upon our flanks. They followed us as fast as they could run among the rocks, without venturing within musket-shot, for fear of being un-

able to get back in time to the mountain in case we should charge them. Priests and alcades were galloping along the ridges to direct the movements of the crowd. Some of our wounded, who were unable to keep their seats, were stabbed without mercy as soon as we left them. One man alone escaped, because he had presence of mind enough to say that he wished to confess himself before he was put to death, and the priest of Setenil saved him from the enemy's fury.

When we had reached a narrow path cut along the side of a steep mountain, we halted a few minutes to let our horses blow; some rocks sheltered us from the fire of the enemy who were above us. We then discovered Ronda; and as we were rejoicing at being now near the end of our journey, we were greatly surprised at seeing new enemies stationed in the woods near that city, who opened a heavy fire upon us. We now became extremely uneasy lest the French had abandoned the place; but soon, to our great joy, we perceived some hussars of our regiment coming towards us. They also had mistaken us for the enemy.

We entered the city and halted upon the great square; here our brother-officers came to embrace us and to enquire about France and the rest of the world from which they had been a long time separated. We afterwards distributed ourselves in the quarters which were assigned us, counting upon some

days' repose at least after the long fatigues which we had undergone.

The city of Ronda is situated in the midst of the lofty mountains which lie between Seville and Gibraltar, generally known by the name of Serrania de Ronda. Their summits are destitute of vegetation, and their sides are covered with fragments of rock, which look as if they had been blackened and calcined for centuries by the heat of the sun. At the bottoms of the valleys, and on the banks of the streams are seen a few orchards and meadows. Nearer to the sea the vine grows almost without cultivation; the best wines in all Spain are made in this district.

Accustomed to contend with the difficulties of a rugged soil, the mountaineers are temperate, persevering and courageous; religion is the only social tie, and almost the only curb to which they will submit. The former government could never bring them to obey the laws in time of peace, nor to serve in the army; they always desert when they are taken to a distance from their homes. Each village chooses its alcades, whose office lasts two years; but these magistrates rarely dare to exert their authority, from fear of creating enemies and exposing themselves to a vengeance which is always implacable. If the courts of justice were to use force to put an end to a quarrel, every dagger would instantly be pointed against the judges; but as soon as one of the spectators begins a prayer, the combatants almost always lay aside their fury and join in the responses. In the

most violent disputes, the appearance of the holy sacrament invariably restores order.

Not a merry meeting, I have been assured, takes place in the Sierra without two or three murders; jealousy is with these people a frenzy which blood alone can pacify. The mortal stab invariably follows closely the frown of anger. These mountaineers were almost exclusively engaged in smuggling; they assembled sometimes from different villages in considerable numbers, under the most renowned of their chiefs, and descended into the plains, where they dispersed in order to sell their merchandise; they often made head against the troops which were sent to pursue them. These smugglers have always been famed for the address with which they baffled the vigilance of the numerous custom-house officers; being constantly exercised in traversing their mountains by day and by night, they were acquainted with the most secluded caverns, with every path and every defilee. Whilst the men are thus constantly engaged in this smuggling warfare, their women remain in the villages and undertake the most laborious occupations. They carry heavy burdens and pride themselves on the superiority of strength which exercise gives them; they wrestle and contend with each other which can lift the greatest weights. When they visited Ronda it was easy to recognize them by their gigantic stature, their stout limbs, and their wild and ferocious looks. They were fond of decking themselves, when they came to the city, with

veils and valuable stuffs, which they procured by smuggling, and which contrasted strongly with their harsh features and their sun-burnt skins.

All the warlike tribes of these lofty mountains had taken up arms against the French; when king Joseph came to Ronda, three weeks before our arrival, at the head of his guards, he had in vain endeavoured to subject them to his authority, first by persuasion and afterwards by force. He had remained but a few days in this city, and had left a garrison of two hundred and fifty hussars of our regiment, and three hundred infantry of his royal guard. At his departure he had vested our colonel with the title of civil and military governor, and bestowed on him unlimited powers over the surrounding province. The absolute authority attached to this pompous title, which was equivalent to that of captain-general, ought to have extended fifteen or twenty leagues round; but the smugglers of the Sierra confined our dominions to the narrow limits of the walls of Ronda, and even here we could not sleep securely for the suspicions we entertained of the inhabitants of the suburbs.

When night came on, we beheld a multitude of fires successively kindled in the neighbouring mountains. The illusion produced by darkness made them seem close to us, and we appeared surrounded by a circle of flame. The enemy had taken a position, preparatory to attacking us the following day.

We had heard, for half an hour, the repeated sounds of a shepherd's horn, which seemed to pro-

ceed from a clump of olive trees in a small valley below the town. We were amusing ourselves with conjecturing what this strange music was intended for, when a hussar from one of our advanced posts galloped up, to inform the colonel that an officer with a flag asked to be admitted into the town. Orders were given to bring him in, and soon afterwards a corporal introduced him, with a bandage over his eyes. This messenger announced that he was come to demand our surrender; that the general of the mountaineers occupied, with 15,000 men, all the passes by which we might endeavour to escape; that he had captured, a few days before, a convoy of fifty thousand cartridges, which were intended for us, and that he knew we could not long defend the town, because we were almost out of ammunition. This was too true; the infantry had only three cartridges per man left; our hussars could make no use of their sabres among the rocks, where their horses embarrassed them instead of being of use. The colonel replied to this summons, that before entering into negotiations, we must sit down to dinner; and then desired me to conduct the messenger into the mess-room where the table was spread, recommending him at the same time to my particular attention. The stranger was a young man, rather well-looking; he had on a round Andalusian hat and a short vest of brown cloth edged with sky blue plush; his only mark of distinction was a sash, of the fashion of the country, the ends of which were mingled with a few

silver threads. Instead of a sabre he wore a long straight sword of antique shape.

He was at first a little abashed at seeing himself in this modest equipage surrounded by a circle of officers covered with embroidery, and when we took hold of our sabres, at the same instant, to lay them aside before we seated ourselves at table, he manifested some uneasiness, not knowing the cause of this sudden movement. It came into his head, probably, that we might be going to put him to death in retaliation for a magistrate of Ronda, who had been sent out a few days before with a flag of truce, and was murdered by the people of a neighbouring village.

I quickly relieved his fears, by inviting him to lay aside his weapon and sit down with us. After a few moments silence, I enquired if he had been long in the service of Ferdinand the Seventh; he answered that it was only a year ago that he had entered as a lieutenant in the hussars of Cantabria. "Although we are enemies," said I, "we are doubly comrades, both by our grade and by serving in the same description of troops." He was much flattered at being treated like a regular officer. I asked some questions about the chiefs of the insurgents; he spoke in high praise of general Gonzales, observing that he possessed extraordinary military talents, and was a profound tactician. We had never heard of this commander before, and learned afterwards that he was a sergeant of the regular forces, who had been lately

appointed by the insurgents a brigadier-general, to give themselves the appearance of an organized army. Our guest, by exaggerating every thing belonging to his party, gave us precisely the intelligence we were desirous of obtaining, which was that no British troops from Gibraltar had joined the mountaineers,—a circumstance which would have rendered our situation truly critical.

Our Spaniard did not at first depart from the sobriety which characterizes his countrymen; but when we drank his health, he pledged us, and then undertook from emulation, to drink glass for glass with us. During the first part of the repast we were only comrades; at the desert we called each other brother; we swore an eternal friendship, and among the marks of attachment which we exchanged, we engaged to fight in single combat the first time we met again.

After dinner the colonel sent back our guest without giving him any answer; I was charged with conducting him to the enemy's advance. I told him to tie the handkerchief over his eyes himself; a hussar was placed on his right to lead his horse; I was on his left, and we set out together by the road to Gibraltar, the same that he had come by. On passing our main guard we were joined by the trumpeter and an old soldier of the royal carabineers, who had attended him as an orderly; the latter was the only carabineer in the insurgents' army, and they had sent him to attend the flag of truce, on account of his

having a new uniform. I was not a little surprised at hearing him ask his officer, in a tone of authority, why he had made him wait so long.

The trumpeter was a young shepherd, who had been decorated with a green doliman, of which the colour contrasted with his sandals, his cap, and the rest of his rustic dress; he had received his lesson before they sent him to our posts. When our hussars asked what he had done with his trumpet, he answered that he had just lost it; he had in fact thrown away the modest shepherd's horn which he blew, lest this unmilitary instrument should destroy the illusion he counted on producing by his disguise. The shepherd could not make his horse go on before us; the animal kicked and stopped at every step. I called to him in Spanish to proceed; he answered in a woeful tone, "this is the first time I ever was on horseback in my life, and they have given me a vile beast which will not move one step forward." The carabineer, who was close behind us, rode up to the shepherd, ordered him to hold his tongue, and relieved his embarrassment by leading his horse by the bridle.

When we arrived near the first Spanish post, at the extremity of the suburb of the old town, I bid adieu to my new acquaintance, and returned to make my report to the colonel. A council of war was assembled, and it was agreed that we should abandon the city to go and wait for ammunition at Campillos, a large village seven leagues from Ronda, at the is-

sue of the mountains, situated in a plain, where our cavalry would give us an advantage over the mountaineers, let their number be what it might. We had but little confidence in the three hundred men of king Joseph's guard who were with us; this corps was principally composed of Spanish deserters.

Our colonel gave orders that the garrison should begin its march in an hour's time, without beat of drum or sound of trumpet, that the enemy might not discover our departure. I immediately warned the sergeants who were under my command, and we went from house to house to wake the conscripts of the detachment which I had brought on. These lads had counted on a long repose at Ronda, after the fatigues of our journey; and when we went at midnight to rouse them up, they were stupified with sleep, and not hearing the trumpets as usual, they would not believe what we said. Some of the poor fellows took us for the phantoms of their lieutenant and non-commissioned officers, which tormented their dreams with orders to march. It became necessary to bestow some severe blows on them, before they could be convinced of our identity.

We marched for two hours in profound silence, by the light of the olive-wood fires which the enemy had kindled on the declivities of the mountains. At day-light we halted for a quarter of an hour in a little plain where we could use our sabres, to see if the mountaineers would not come down to us; but they went off every where as we approached, and climbed

the heights of the mountains without choosing to engage us. The villagers along the road fired from time to time, at great distances, upon us; the women placed themselves on the rocks to see us pass and to rejoice at our departure. They sung patriotic songs in which they invoked death upon the French, the grand duke of Berg and on Napoleon. The chorus to each couplet was an imitation of the crowing of a cock, which bird they consider as the emblem of France.

We arrived at last at Campillos, and soon saw, by the manner in which we were received, that the news of our loss at Olbera and of our retreat from Ronda had preceded us. When I entered my quarters I was rudely greeted by my landlord; when my servant asked him for my chamber, he showed him a damp ugly hole which opened upon the back yard. It had been impossible to issue provisions to the men when we first arrived; and the alcade had published an order enjoining on the inhabitants to furnish victuals to the soldiers quartered upon them. The hussar who attended me asked the master of the house by signs to let him have something to eat; I saw the latter bring in, with a sneering air, a very small table on which were placed some bread and some heads of garlick. I heard him say to his wife; "It is good enough for the French dogs; we need not fear them; they have been beaten, they are running away, and please God and his holy mother there will not be one of them left alive in two days

time." I pretended not to hear his abuse, in order to conceal from him that I understood Spanish.

I went out, and on my return an hour afterwards, I found five men belonging to the village seated in a circle smoking cigars; they were as I learnt the next day, in the habit of assembling every evening at my landlord's, who was a tobacconist. My hussar was at some distance from them; he rose when I came in and offered me his chair. I accepted it and drew near to the fire. The Spaniards were at first silent; at last one of them asked if I was not much tired; and although I seemed not to understand him, he added, "you have made good use of your spurs the two last days." I made no answer and they resumed their conversation, taking it for granted that I knew nothing of Spanish. They spoke with enthusiasm of the brave mountaineers who had driven us away from Ronda. They detailed at length the particulars of a pretended battle which lasted twelve hours, and which had taken place in the streets of that city. They repeated to each other that we had lost at least six hundred men; and we had, in all, not more than five hundred and fifty. They asserted that the general of the mountaineers would attack us in two days at farthest; that the inhabitants of their village would take up arms, and that they would exterminate the cursed heretics, who were worse than infidels; for the French, they said, believed neither in God, nor the Virgin, nor Saint Anthony, nor even

in St. James of Gallicia, and made no scruple of lodging with their horses in the churches. They continued ten thousand invectives of this kind, with which they were more and more exciting their imaginations. They concluded with saying that one Spaniard was worth three Frenchmen, to which one of the company added, "I could kill six of them with my own hand."

I now rose and repeated twice *poco a poco*, which signifies softly, softly; they were petrified on finding that I had understood their whole conversation. I left them to give notice to the colonel of what I had learnt; he gave immediate orders to the alcade to disarm the village. The inhabitants gave up their damaged arms, and kept those that were good; as is always the case in such circumstances.

On returning to my lodging, I did not find a single one of my politicians; they had all taken flight. My landlord too had hidden himself; his wife in great consternation had tried, during my absence, to soften my hussar; she had hitherto given him nothing but water to drink, but now she brought him some excellent wine. The soldier, who did not know that all these favours originated in fear, was much surprised at such good treatment, and even indulged in consequence a slight emotion of vanity. I found him curling up his horrible mustachios with more than ordinary complacency.

My landlady took up my sword the moment I had laid it down, and carried it into the best room in her

house, as if to take possession of it in my name. She then entreated me not to harbour any resentment against her husband, assuring me that although he had not treated me very kindly on my arrival, he was a worthy man, a good-hearted man. I told her that her husband might come back without fear, that I should do him no harm, on condition he gave me immediate information of what he should hear of the enemy's projects and those of the villagers. I added however, to frighten her, that if he failed to do so, I would have him hanged. I then went to rest.

The next morning I rose at break of day, and on opening my chamber-door I found my landlord who was waiting to make his peace with me. Before he said any thing, he presented me with a cup of chocolate and biscuits; I accepted them with an air of dignity, and told him I should in future regulate myself by his behaviour to me; he answered, with a low bow, that he and his whole house were at my service.

This day, the 15th of March, we learned that the Serranos or mountaineers had entered the city of Ronda an hour after our departure thence, and that they were preparing to attack us at Campillos. On the 16th our colonel sent a detachment of one hundred hussars and forty infantry to reconnoitre the enemy. I was of this expedition; we set out two hours before sun-rise, and met the insurgents four leagues from Campillos. They had been passing the

night on the side of a mountain, near the village of Canete la Real. We halted at the distance of two musket-shots to examine their position and numbers, which we estimated at four thousand; and when we had finished our observations, we returned quietly the same way we had come. Seeing us retire, the Serranos thought that we were afraid of them; they uttered loud shouts, rushed down the mountain all together, and followed us, in disorder, for an hour through a rough and difficult country. The ground at last became more favourable for cavalry, when they moderated their ardour; then halted upon the heights, without venturing at first to advance into the plain. They sent a few men to exchange shots with the skirmishers of our rear guard, which had faced about, whilst the infantry and principal part of the detachment were passing a wooden bridge, built over a torrent which flows at the foot of a barren mountain, on whose summit stands the village of Teba, like an eagle's nest.

The women of this village dressed, according to the fashion of the country, in red and light blue stuffs, had seated themselves on their heels in groupes upon the rocks, to view the battle which they foresaw was about to take place. Our rear-guard soon drew in its skirmishers and began to cross the bridge; these women then rose altogether and began to chaunt a hymn to the Virgin Mary. At this signal the firing commenced, and the Spaniards, hidden on the mountain side, poured a shower of balls upon us at very

long shot. We continued to pass the bridge under the enemy's fire, without answering it; we could see the women come down from the rocks, wrest the guns from their husbands' hands, and place themselves nearer to us, in order to force them to go forward and pursue us beyond the bridge.

Our rear guard, finding itself pressed closely, went to the right about, and the hussars of the front rank opened a well supported fire with their carbines on the most forward of the mountaineers, of whom they killed two, which arrested the impetuosity of the crowd. The women returned precipitately to the mountain. About a hundred of the insurgents followed us within half a league of Campillos.

The next day, the 17th, a detachment of fifty hussars, sent out to make discoveries, found the Serranos encamped on the other side of the wooden bridge, below Teba. Our men advanced close to the bridge, and then returned without firing a single shot; the enemy took courage, as the day before, and pursued the party to our advanced posts. Our intention was to draw them into the plain near Campillos, that we might have an opportunity of making them feel the edge of our sabres. The insurgents, who were principally armed with fowling-pieces only, had the advantage in the mountains, whither we could not follow them on horseback; but in a plain, their disorderly mode of fighting disabled them from resisting a charge of cavalry, however inferior in numbers.

At ten o'clock in the morning, my landlord came

to me in a great hurry, with a smile on his lips and rubbing his eyes to make them look in tears, exclaiming that we were all ruined, that our posts were driven in, that fifteen hundred mountaineers were coming down furiously into the plain to surround us, whilst the villagers, who had revolted, were attacking us in the center of the village; and he pressed me in his arms as if he pitied the fate which awaited me.

A report of fire-arms, confused shouts, and the sound of trumpets and drums were heard at the same moment; our men were running to arms in every quarter. One of our posts had been forced to retire to the entrance of the village. I immediately mounted my horse and collected my detachment. The colonel, coming up at this instant, ordered me to support the guard which had given way. We made a successful charge in the plain, where forty of our hussars cut down about a hundred of the mountaineers; those who were on the surrounding heights fled in the utmost consternation. We then retired, and the plain, which a moment before had resounded with the clamour of a cloud of assailants, remained silent and strewed with the dead bodies of the enemy, who had just been mowed to the ground.

Whilst we were engaged, the villagers, in the persuasion that we should be totally destroyed, had massacred in the streets such of our men as had been tardy in going to the place indicated for assembling

in case of alarm. Our hussars on their return into the village put to death every one of the inhabitants whom they found in arms; with difficulty they were prevented from plundering it. After this the insurgents did not venture to show themselves in the plains; they marched off that whole day and part of the next night, and returned to their mountains in the environs of Ronda.

On the 19th of March general Peremont joined us from Malaga with three battalions of infantry, one regiment of Polish lancers, and two pieces of cannon. We now received the ammunition which we stood so much in need of; and the 20th, at six in the morning, we set out to retake possession of Ronda. We turned aside from our route to levy a contribution on the inhabitants of Teba, as a punishment for having been in arms against us, although they had made their submission to king Joseph.

Our colonel left his regiment at the foot of the mountain on which Teba is situated, and went up with only fifty hussars. The inhabitants, informed of our intention, had fled with their most valuable effects. Clothes which lay scattered here and there indicated the hurry of their departure. Some of the houses were broken open by our people, to see if there was nobody concealed in them; only one poor old man was discovered, who far from manifesting any alarm uttered exclamations of joy when our hussars entered his dwelling. The commanding officer was desirous of availing himself of this man's

good-will, by obtaining information from him; but it was soon discovered that he was out of his senses, which circumstance probably had prevented his friends or relations from taking him away with them.

We were nearly two hours without being able to find a single individual whom we could send to the inhabitants to let them know that they should receive no injury, but on the contrary all be pardoned, provided they paid a contribution to King Joseph. We did not wish to make them irreconcilable enemies by a rigorous chastisement, and yet it was of importance that their revolt should not pass altogether unpunished. The following expedient was employed to draw them from their retreat. The hussars burnt damp straw in the chimnies of some of the houses; the smoke, driven by the wind towards the mountain, persuaded the inhabitants that we were about to destroy their village. They lost no time in sending a deputation, which consisted of the alcade of the place and four of the richest proprietors. The magistrate wore a scarlet cloak and a laced coat; he had loaded himself with all the marks of his dignity, believing that in giving himself up to the French, he should by his death insure the safety of his native place. He promised that the contribution asked for should be paid, and we took him with us as an hostage; he was allowed to return two days afterwards.

We slept that night at a village only four leagues from Campillos. On the 21st we set out early in the morning for Ronda, which we entered without resist-

ance. The mountaineers abandoned the town on our approach with so much precipitation, that they threw away their guns and their cloaks in the streets, and betook themselves to the mountains through by-paths. Some of the hindmost fell under the sabres of our hussars.

We were received as deliverers by a portion of the inhabitants. The mountaineers had raised a pair of gallows on the main square since our departure, for the purpose of punishing such of the towns-people as had favoured the French; and if we had delayed our return one day longer, several persons would have been executed. In this way private animosities would have been gratified under pretext of public vengeance. One of the magistrates was about to be hanged, because he had some years before refused to accept a bribe in some smuggling transaction; a poor taylor had been thrown head foremost from a high rock and dashed to pieces, because he had served us as an interpreter.

The mountaineers had entered Ronda at dawn of the very day we left it; they traversed the streets with deafening cries, and manifested their joy by discharging their guns in every direction. All the people of the same village arrived together, marching in a disorderly manner and followed by their women, who differed, as I have already observed, from the men only by their dress, by a more lofty stature, and by even more roughness of manners. These dames insisted that their husbands had conquered

Ronda from the French, and that every thing in the city belonged to them; they would say, one to another, while stopping before the doors of the handsomest houses, "*I take this house for my own; I will be a lady, and take possession of it in a few days with my goats and my family.*" In the meantime they loaded their asses with every thing they could lay their hands on, and ceased their plundering only when these animals were on the point of sinking under the weight of their burdens.

Some of the smugglers stole the horses and portmanteau of an English lieutenant, who had joined the expedition, without his being able to have the robbers punished. The prisons were broken open; the prisoners, the moment they were at liberty, hastened to be revenged of their judges and accusers. Debtors forced receipts from their creditors, and set fire to the papers in the public offices, in order to destroy the records of mortgages which the townspeople had on the property of the mountaineers.

The commander-in-chief of the Serranos had not reached Ronda until six hours after our departure. He endeavoured at first to establish some sort of order in the town, with the assistance of what he called his regular troops. Unable to succeed, he made use of the following device. He caused the public crier to announce that the French were coming; the mountaineers then assembled in a very short time, and the citizens had time to barricade their houses.

The person who exercised the greatest influence over these undisciplined hordes was one Cura, a native of Valentia, where he had been professor of mathematics. Obliged to exile himself from his native place in consequence of having killed a man in a fit of jealousy, he had taken refuge among the smugglers. He secretly circulated a report that he was a man of high birth, and that political reasons induced him to remain incognito. The mountaineers called him *the unknown man with the great cap*, because he affected to wear a cap, in the fashion of the country, of excessive size, in order to attract attention. His mysterious appearance procured him great control over these ignorant spirits; about a month after these events, he levied large contributions among the mountain villages, under the pretext of purchasing arms and ammunition, and endeavoured to make his escape with the money; but he was taken and punished.

General Peremont had come with his brigade to Ronda, intending to conduct an expedition into the heart of the mountains, but was obliged to return to Malaga without executing it. He was informed that, during his absence, other bands of insurgents had attacked that city. Our hussars were again left in garrison at Ronda, with two hundred brave soldiers of the Polish infantry, who took the place of the battalion of king Joseph's guards, which had before been with us.

Ronda is situated on a piece of table-land, very

much elevated towards the north, but of easy access in other directions; it is separated from the mountains on the south and west, by a beautiful and well cultivated valley. The Guadiaro descends from the most lofty of these mountains and traverses the town; it seems as if an earthquake had made a deep fissure in the eminence on which it stands, to afford a passage for this little river. The old town, placed on the left bank, communicates with the new on the opposite side, by a superb stone bridge of a single arch; balconies of iron jut out from the stone parapets on both sides of the bridge, and one is struck with a sort of terror on seeing, through the iron bars, at a depth of more than one hundred and eighty feet, the river like a small stream of whitish water issuing from the gulph below. A damp mist continually rises from the bottom of the abyss, and the eye can scarcely distinguish, so small do they seem, the men and cattle that are continually ascending and descending the winding path, with burdens to and from the different mills constructed at the foot of the immense terrace of rocks which supports the town.

From this elevated situation we sometimes saw the gardeners of the valley quit their peaceful labours to join the mountaineers, when they were coming to attack us; at other times we could discover them engaged in burying their guns when any of our parties approached them.

That part of Ronda which is called the Old Town is almost entirely of Moorish construction; the streets

are narrow and crooked. The New Town, on the contrary, is very regularly built; the squares are large and the streets wide and straight. We had no difficulty in fortifying the Old Town so as to secure it from any sudden attack; by constructing some small works and repairing an old castle, it could be very well defended by the infantry. Our hussars were more specially charged with the guard of the New Town; we pulled down some old walls and levelled the approach to that part of the city, in order that, should we be attacked, our cavalry might have an opportunity of acting.

The mountaineers had established their camps on the neighbouring ridges, and observed day and night what was passing in the city. When our trumpets had sounded the reveillee at dawn of day, they were quickly followed by the shepherds' horns which roused the insurgents. They passed whole days in annoying our advanced posts on some point or other; when we marched upon them they disappeared, but only to return again as soon as we had withdrawn.

When the Serranos attacked us, they uttered loud shouts to animate one another; and commenced firing long before their shot could reach us. Those who were in the rear believed, on hearing the cries and firing, that their companions had met with success, and would hasten to the scene of action in hopes of sharing in the credit of the day; they would pass those who had preceded them, uttering a thousand bravadoes, and before they could perceive their mis-

take it was too late to escape. We allowed them to advance into the little plain around the New Town, in order to charge them, and they always fled as soon as they had lost a few of their men.

The most agreeable pastime of the lower classes of the towns-people consisted in hiding themselves among the rocks and olive trees at the extremity of the suburbs, and firing at our videttes. They would leave the town in the morning with their garden tools, as if going to work in the fields; there they would find their guns, which were concealed among the rocks or in the farm-houses; and in the evening they would return without arms, to pass the night in the midst of us. It happened that some of the hussars recognised among the combatants the very men at whose houses they were quartered. We could not make our search after these people very rigorous; if the decree issued by marshal Soult against the Spanish insurgents had been carried into execution, we should have had to punish with death nearly the whole population of the country. The mountaineers hanged and burnt to death the French whom they made prisoners; our soldiers, in their turn, very rarely gave quarter to the Spaniards whom they found in arms.

The women, the aged, even the children were against us, and served as spies to the enemy. I myself saw a little boy eight years old come and play before our horses' heads and offer himself as a guide; he led a small party of our men into an ambuscade,

and then ran off throwing his cap in the air and shouting with all his might, "Long live our king Ferdinand the Seventh!" This was the signal for the enemy to open their fire on us.

The strength and perseverance of character which distinguish the mountaineers supplied any deficiencies in their military discipline; though they could oppose no effectual resistance in open ground, and failed in the attacks which required military combinations, on the other hand they defended themselves admirably among their rocks, in their houses, and wherever cavalry could not be brought into play. We tried in vain to reduce to obedience the inhabitants of Montejaque, a hamlet of fifty or sixty cottages, distant only half a league from Ronda.

The inhabitants of the villages in the mountains, who dreaded a visit from the French used to send their old men, women and children into inaccessible retreats, and conceal their valuable property in caverns. The men alone remained to defend their dwellings or to make incursions into the open country, whence they carried off the cattle of such Spaniards as would not declare against us.

The little town of Grazalema was the principal citadel of the mountaineers. Marshal Soult sent a column of light troops of three thousand men against it; the smugglers defended themselves from house to house, and abandoned the place only when they had expended all their ammunition. They then escaped into the mountain, after killing a considerable num-

ber of our people; and as soon as the column went away, they re-occupied the town.

A division of three regiments of infantry of the line, which was sent a month afterwards to disperse anew the insurgents, easily succeeded in driving them every where from the field, but failed in taking possession of Grazalema. Some smugglers had intrenched themselves in the square which forms the center of the town; they had placed mattrasses before the windows of the houses in which they had shut themselves up. Twelve hussars of the 10th regiment and forty light infantry-men, who composed the advance of the French division, reached this square without encountering any resistance, but they never got back; all fell under the discharge of fire-arms, which was made at the same instant from all the windows. Every party which was sent in succession to the spot shared the same fate, without inflicting the smallest injury on the enemy. Our frequent expeditions almost invariably dispersed these people without bringing them to submission, and our troops returned to Ronda after experiencing very severe losses.

The Serranos completely foiled our efforts, even when they were inferior in numbers. They retreated from rock to rock on the appearance of our columns, never discontinuing their fire; and even when retreating, they destroyed whole battalions without affording us a chance of revenge. This mode of fighting had induced the Spaniards themselves to nickname them,

mountain hornets, in allusion to the manner in which those obstinate insects torment the living beings who approach their nests. The detachments which went out of Ronda on various expeditions or reconnoitering parties, were enveloped from the moment of their departure to that of their return by clouds of skirmishers. Every convoy that we went to meet cost us the lives of several men. We might have said in the words of Scripture, that *we ate our own flesh and drank our own blood* in this inglorious warfare, to expiate the injustice of the cause for which we were fighting.

The mountaineers of Grenada and of Murcia were not more disposed to submit than those of Ronda; the French, attacked on all their points of communication, were in every mountainous district of Spain in much the same situation as our regiment. Such was the repose we enjoyed after having conquered the peninsula from the frontier of France to the gates of Cadiz. The siege of that city was at this time the only military event worthy of attention.

When our horses had consumed the forage in the vicinity of Ronda, we were constrained to extend our excursions to a distance, and to send, three or four times in each week, parties of thirty or forty hussars to collect chopped straw at several leagues distance from the town. The weakness of the garrison did not allow of supporting our foragers by detachments of infantry. Our horsemen were not always in sufficient strength to repel the enemy in

these expeditions; we consequently sought to baffle their vigilance, by taking every day a different route, or by making long circuits to avoid dangerous passes; and yet we were often under the necessity of cutting our way back through the parties of insurgents which lay before the town.

Fortune had during a whole month smiled upon me; I had been lucky in all the enterprises with which I was charged out of the city; and when I commanded the main guard, none of our soldiers had been killed. The hussars, who to a certain degree believe in fatality, were beginning to think that I was invulnerable; I was however wounded almost mortally, on the 1st of May. They told me indeed afterwards, by way of consolation, that fate had made a mistake; that I ought not to consider myself as less fortunate than before, because our adjutant had committed an oversight in consulting his roster, and that I had been detached instead of one of my brother officers, whose star was a malignant one.

On the 1st of May, then, I was one of a party of forty-five hussars commanded by a captain. Our destination was to fetch straw from some settlements near the village of Setenil, about four leagues from Ronda. We were attended by about a hundred peasants and muleteers, who led the mules and asses. We set out at five o'clock in the morning; the captain and I rode together at the head of the troop. In passing a defilee, half a league from the town, we observed to each other that the enemy were very neg-

ligent not to have hitherto placed an ambuscade at this spot, where they might have considerably annoyed us. I was the first to perceive at a distance, on going up a hill of considerable elevation, a cloud of dust, and then distinctly, on our right, four or five hundred armed men advancing through the valley towards the village of Ariate. I informed the captain that I could see the enemy, and that I recognized them by their hasty and disorderly mode of marching. One of our sergeants assured us that the men we saw were muleteers who were returning to Ossuna, and who had arrived the day before, under an escort of two hundred infantry, with biscuit and cartridges for our garrison. I insisted that the people I saw were enemies, and added that if I commanded the detachment, I would immediately charge them while they were yet in the open ground; for that if we were repulsed, our retreat would still be secure, whereas if we continued our march, we should be exposed to an attack on our return, in some position unfavourable to cavalry. The captain was of a different opinion; we continued on our way and soon reached the village of Setenil.

The slowness and ill-humour of the Spanish muleteers who accompanied us excited some suspicions, which were not diminished by seeing, just as we were preparing to return to Ronda, a mounted peasant, who was watching our march from a distant height, and who soon galloped off as if to give notice of our approach.

When we had done foraging, we resumed the road by which we had come; we placed the convoy of loaded mules between a vanguard of twelve hussars and the principal part of the detachment, headed by the captain and myself. When we arrived within two hundred yards of the defilee which we most feared to pass, I perceived a countryman perched upon an olive-tree, of which he was cutting down the branches with an axe. I galloped ahead of the detachment and approached the man, of whom I enquired if he had seen any of the Serranos. He was one himself, as I afterwards learnt, and was cutting these branches to obstruct our passage. He answered that the work he was engaged in did not allow him to busy himself with what was passing in the neighbourhood. The captain at the same instant was questioning a child of five or six years of age, who answered in a trembling and low voice, as if he was afraid of being overheard; we paid little attention to him, because we soon observed our advance and the head of the convoy come out of the other end of the defilee and begin to ascend the opposite hill; we had to pass over a narrow and slippery path, which obliged us to march in single file, and which was four or five hundred paces in length; on both sides was a very thick garden hedge. The captain repeated the morning's remark, that it was fortunate for us the enemy had not placed an ambuscade at this spot. Scarcely had he uttered the words, when two or three shots were fired from behind the hedge,

which killed the three last mules of the convoy, and the horse of the trumpeter who immediately preceded us; our horses halted of their own accord.

The captain was before me; but he was mounted on a steed which had belonged to an officer who had been killed some days before on a similar occasion, and the animal hesitated. On seeing this, I set spurs to my charger and passed him; I leapt over the trumpeter's horse as well as over the loaded mules which had fallen, and passed the defilee alone. The Serranos, who were concealed by the hedges, supposed that the detachment was close at my heels, and precipitately poured the whole of their fire upon me, as I went by. I was struck by two balls only; one pierced my left thigh, the other entered my body.

The captain followed me at some distance; he arrived safe at the other end of the defilee, and of the whole detachment there were but the four last hussars who were killed, because the enemy required some minutes to reload their arms, and make a second discharge. The serjeant who closed the file had his horse killed under him; he counterfeited death, slipped into the bushes, and arrived at Ronda in the night without having received a single wound.

When we had rallied and formed our detachment on the other side of the pass, I informed the captain that I was wounded, that my strength was beginning to fail, and that I would proceed to Ronda by a cross-path, which was excessively steep but which shortened the distance considerably. He advised me to

stay with the troops, which were going half a league round by the plain, where there were no enemies, in order not to expose them unnecessarily to a second attack. I felt that I could not support so long a ride, and took the path, preceded by a hussar who led my horse by the bridle. As I was losing much blood, I was obliged to exert myself to avoid fainting; if I had fallen from my horse, I should infallibly have been massacred. I held by the pummel of my saddle and made vain efforts to spur on my horse with the only leg I could move; the poor animal went no faster for all my exertions, and stumbled at every step; a ball had traversed his body through and through.

When I got within a quarter of a league of the town, my horse could scarcely put one foot before the other. The hussar who accompanied me set off at a gallop for a post stationed at the top of the mountain, and I moved on a few steps by myself, hardly seeing any thing before me or hearing the shot, which some fellows who were pretending to cut wood, fired at me from a distance. At last a party of soldiers joined me, and carried me to my quarters on my horse blanket.

The Spanish family at whose house I was lodged, came out to meet me, and would not allow me to be conducted to the military hospital, where an epidemical fever was raging; I should in all probability, like many others, have been cured of my wounds there by the hand of death. My landlord's family

had hitherto treated me with cold and reserved politeness, considering me as one of the enemies of their country. From respect for this feeling, I had myself had little communication with them. But when I was wounded, they manifested a lively interest in my situation, and treated me with that generosity and charity which eminently mark the Spanish character. They said that since I could no longer do injury to their country, they regarded me as one of themselves; and without relaxing their attentions one single moment, for fifty days they took every possible care of me.

On the 4th of May, at break of day, the insurgents attacked Ronda in greater force than they had yet done. Some bullets passed so near the window by the side of which my bed was placed, that it was thought necessary to carry it into another room. My landlord and his wife soon came to announce to me, while they endeavoured to preserve an air of tranquillity, that the mountaineers were at the end of the street, that they were gaining ground in our direction and that the old town was on the point of being carried by assault. They added that they would take precautions to shelter me from the rage of these people, until the arrival of general Lerrano Valdenebro, who was their relation; and they carefully concealed my arms, my military dress, and every thing which might attract the enemy's attention They then conveyed me, with the assistance of their servants, to the top of the house, behind a

little chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, considering this consecrated spot as an inviolable asylum. Two priests of their acquaintance were sent for, who took post near the street door to defend the entrance, and if necessary, to protect me by their presence.

An aged lady, the mother of the mistress of the house, remained alone with me and betook herself to her prayers; she turned her beads more or less fast, as the cries of the combatants and the discharge of fire-arms announced that the danger encreased or diminished. About noon the tumult was less distinct, and shortly afterwards entirely ceased. The enemy was beaten back at every point; my brother-officers came, as soon as they had dismounted, to give me an account of the battle.

The 2d hussars received, some days after this event, orders to go to Santa-Maria; they were replaced by the 43d regiment of the line, and I was left alone of my corps at Ronda. I was unacquainted with any officers of the new garrison, and henceforward was visited by none of the French, except an adjutant of infantry, who came from time to time to enquire if I was not yet dead, or well enough to travel; he was impatient to occupy my lodging.

My landlord was constant in his kindness and attentions to me after the departure of my comrades; he and his family passed several hours every day in my room; and when I began to gain strength, they assembled some of their neighbours every evening,

who conversed and sometimes formed little concerts near my bed, to make me forget my sufferings; they sang national airs accompanied by the guitar.

My landlady's mother had taken a great friendship for me, ever since the day when she had prayed with so much fervour for my safety during the assault. Her second daughter was a nun in the convent of nobles; this young lady often sent to enquire after my health, and little baskets of perfumed lint, covered with rose leaves, accompanied her messages. The nuns of all the convents in Ronda doubled their usual fasts and austerities after our arrival in Andalusia; they passed the greater part of each night in putting up prayers for the success of the Spanish cause; and their days were employed in preparing medicines for the wounded French. This union of patriotism and Christian charity was not rare in Spain.

On the 18th of June I rose from my bed for the first time since my wound. I was obliged to undergo the melancholy apprenticeship of learning to walk on crutches, for I had entirely lost the use of one of my legs. I went to visit the horse which had been wounded under me; he had got quite well, but did not at first know me; by this I judged how much I must be altered. I set out from Ronda, on the 22d, on an ammunition wagon, which was going with a strong escort to bring cartridges from Ossuna. I parted from my kind hosts with the same regret that one feels at first leaving the paternal roof. They too

were sorry for my departure; the kindness with which they had loaded me had endeared me to them.

From Ossuna I went to Essica, and thence to Cordova. Bands of Spanish partizans, two or three hundred strong, traversed the country in every direction; when pursued, they retired to the mountains which separate Andalusia from La Mancha and Estremadura, or to those near the coast. These bands, called guerillas, kept up the fermentation which prevailed throughout the country, and secured the communications between Cadiz and the interior of Spain. The people were made to believe that the marquis de la Romana had beaten the French near Truxillo, or that the English had sallied from Gibraltar and completely defeated them near the sea. These rumours, skilfully disseminated, were always received with transport, notwithstanding their improbability; hope, constantly renewed, excited partial insurrections on one point or another, and reports of pretended victories, circulated at proper seasons, often occasioned real advantages.

At some distance from Cordova, there was a band of thieves which had been for many years notorious; these robbers by profession did not renounce the habit of plundering Spanish travellers, but in order to acquit themselves of the obligation which every citizen contracts at his birth, of shedding his blood for his country when invaded by foreigners, they waged war against the French, and attacked their

detachments even when there was no prospect of plunder.

On leaving Andalusia, I travelled through La Mancha; I was obliged to wait some days at each station for the return of the escorts which regularly conveyed stores for the siege of Cadiz. Sometimes, tired of staying a long time in unpleasant quarters, I abandoned myself to chance, and ventured to proceed alone from one post to another. The officers commanding posts of correspondence could furnish escorts only for the indispensable service of the army; they often lost several men in guarding a single courier over a distance of a few leagues.

King Joseph had no means of levying the taxes regularly;* columns of light troops were in vain sent through the country; the inhabitants either fled to their fastnesses, or defended their dwellings. The soldiers sacked the villages, but the contributions did not come in; peaceful individuals sometimes paid for all the rest; but they were afterwards all grievously punished by the guerillas for not having fled on the approach of the French. The people of La Mancha, as well as those of the neighbouring provinces, were exasperated by these various persecutions, and the number of our enemies encreased from day to day. New-Castille, which I also travelled through, was not more tranquil than La Mancha. Some Spanish partizans had been on the point of

* See note 19.

making king Joseph prisoner at one of his country seats near Madrid; and they often carried off Frenchmen at the gates and sometimes even in the streets of that capital.

I remained nearly a month at Madrid, waiting for an opportunity of leaving it. It was easy to arrive there from Bayonne, because one could travel under the escort of numerous detachments which were sent to reinforce the armies; but it was necessary to be crippled, in order to obtain permission to return to France. The board of physicians had received the most rigid orders on this subject, and leave of absence was never given to any officer or soldier, unless there existed no chance of his recovery. I was of the number thus sent back to France; I thought myself happy at withdrawing, even at such a price, from an unjust and inglorious war, in which the sentiments of my heart continually disavowed the injuries that my arm was compelled to inflict.

Our party consisted of a numerous caravan of disbanded officers, who were travelling home under an escort of seventy five infantry soldiers only. We formed a platoon of officers, under the command of the one who had been longest wounded, that we might at least die in arms if we were attacked; for we were unable to defend ourselves, many of us being obliged to be tied on the horses which we rode.

In our convoy there were two madmen; the first was an officer of hussars, who had lost his reason in

consequence of some deep wounds on the head; he marched on foot, because his horse and arms had been taken from him, lest he should make his escape or commit some violence. He had not forgotten, in spite of his madness, the dignity of his grade and the name of his regiment; sometimes he uncovered his head and showed his wounds; these he pretended to have received in imaginary combats which he was incessantly recounting. One day our convoy was attacked during the march; he escaped the vigilance of the men who had charge of him, and with his former intrepidity fell upon the enemy with nothing but a switch in his hand, which he called the magic sceptre of the great king of Morocco, his predecessor. The other madman was an old Flemish musician belonging to the light infantry, in whose brain the heat of the Spanish wines had fixed, for the remainder of his days, an inexhaustible fund of gaiety. He had exchanged his clarinet for a fiddle, on which instrument he had been used to play in his youth, and he marched along in the middle of our melancholy convoy, dancing and playing together, without ever being tired.

No solitary traveller encountered us over the long and silent road which we were travelling; we only met, every two or three days, convoys of ammunition or detachments of troops; these usually took up their quarters with us in ruinous dwellings, whose doors and windows had been carried off for fuel by the French troops. Instead of the crowds of children

and idlers which, in time of peace, come out to meet strangers at the entrance of the villages, we found in them only small posts of French soldiers, which presented themselves from behind palisades or other temporary defences, and called to us to halt, while they enquired our business. Sometimes, in a deserted hamlet, a sentinel would unexpectedly make his appearance, perched on the top of some old tower, like the solitary owl in the midst of a ruin.

The nearer we approached the confines of France, the more our danger from the partizans encreased. At every station which we came to we found detachments from different parts of the peninsula, which were waiting to join us. Whole battalions, whole regiments, reduced to a few individuals only, were bringing back their eagles or their standards, to go and recruit in France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany or Poland. We left Spain at the close of the month of July, twenty days after Ciudad Rodrigo, a strong fortified town in the province of Salamanca, had surrendered to the French.

These memoirs ought, perhaps, to terminate here, since I was no longer an eye witness of the events connected with the Spanish war; but having collected, during a year's residence in England, documents which could not be procured upon the continent, I venture to add to my own narrative that of the campaign in Portugal, which was a masterpiece both of national and military defence.

CAMPAIGN IN PORTUGAL.

AFTER the campaign of Austria and the peace concluded at Vienna in 1809, France was free from war in the north, and all Europe believed once more that Spain and Portugal were about to be overwhelmed by the immense forces at the disposal of the emperor Napoleon, who had declared that he would drive the English out of the peninsula, and that before the lapse of a twelvemonth his triumphant eagles should soar over the towers of Lisbon. He had accordingly sent powerful reinforcements into Spain for the invasion of Portugal.

The French army destined for this expedition was more than eighty thousand men strong; it was commanded by marshal Masséna, and divided into three corps under marshals Ney, Junot, and Reynier. Of these the two first had formed a junction near Salamanca, and occupied the country between the Duero and the Tagus; the third, under general Reynier, was in Estremadura opposite to the frontier of Alentejo, communicating by its right at Alcantara with the left of marshal Ney. A corps of reserve com-

manded by general Drouet was, in addition, assembling at Valladolid, to reinforce and support the invading army.

The forces of Lord Wellington opposed to those of Masséna, consisted of thirty thousand English and as many Portuguese soldiers. The Portuguese regency had, moreover, under arms fifteen thousand regular troops, different flying corps of militia commanded by leaders of their own nation or by English officers, and the levies in mass, known by the appellation of ordenanzas, which were computed by the English at only forty-five thousand men, but which, in case of invasion, amounted in fact to the whole armed population of Portugal. They were animated against the French by patriotism, hatred, vengeance, and by resentment for the recent evils they had endured during the two preceding years, from the expeditions, unsuccessful as they were, of Junot and Soult. These undisciplined bands did incalculable injury to the French while defending the passes of their mountains, but became useless out of their own districts; and it was for this reason that Lord Wellington would never, notwithstanding the provocations of the French, abandon the defensive line which he occupied on the frontiers of Portugal, north and south of the Tagus. The British commander was besides disposed to avoid a pitched battle in the plains of Salamanca, where his enemy could display a numerous and formidable cavalry.

After the capture of Ciudad-Rodrigo, the French

crossed the Coa, drove in the British advanced posts and invested Almeida, a frontier town of Portugal, which they took by capitulation on the 27th of August, after thirteen days of open trenches.

General Reynier's corps left Spanish Estremadura, crossed the Tagus at Alcantara, and concentrated itself on the two other French corps near Almeida. The British corps, which was opposed to Reynier in the direction of Elvas and Portalegre, traversed by a corresponding movement the Tagus at Villa Velha, and the whole army under Lord Wellington retired by the left bank of the Mondego, to the impregnable position of La Sierra de Murcella, behind the Alva. The French left the environs of Almeida on the 15th of September, entered the valley watered by the Mondego, crossed that river at Celorico, and then re-crossed it at the bridge of Fornos. Masséna was thus leading his army on the right bank of the Mondego, with the intention of occupying, by rapid marches, the city of Coïmbra, which he expected to find defenceless, as the British had retreated by the opposite side of the river. The French reached Vizeu on the 21st; here they were detained two days waiting for their artillery, whose progress had been impeded by the badness of the roads, and the attacks of the Portuguese militia. On the 24th their advanced guards found those of the British posted on the opposite bank of the Dao; these they forced back after repairing the bridges which had been broken down. Wellington had rapidly re-crossed from the

left to the right bank of the Mondego, to throw his army into the defilees of the mountains which cover Coïmbra; he had left only one brigade of infantry and one division of cavalry in his former position of the Sierra de Murcella.

The French corps arrived in succession on the 25th and 26th at the foot of the Sierra de Busaco, whose summits they found occupied by the Anglo-Portuguese army; at six o'clock in the morning of the 27th they marched in columns against the right and center of the enemy by the two roads which lead to Coïmbra through the village of San Antonio de Cantaro and the convent of Busaco; these roads were cut with trenches in several places, and defended by artillery; the mountain over which they pass is moreover covered with rugged rocks and of extremely difficult access.

The French column which attacked the British right advanced with intrepidity, in spite of the artillery and light troops which opposed them; it reached the top of the mountain, after suffering considerable loss, and was beginning to display into line with great coolness and the most perfect regularity, when it was once more attacked by superior numbers and forced to fall back. It soon, however rallied, made a second charge, and was again repulsed. The French battalions, which advanced upon the convent at the point where the left and center divisions of the British joined, were in the same manner forced to give way before they

could reach that post, and left on the ground general Simon, wounded by two musket-balls, and a considerable number more of wounded officers and soldiers.

The English and Portuguese occupied, on the ridge of the mountains, a position which formed the arch of a circle and embraced by its extremities the ground over which the French were advancing;* the allied army could distinguish their smallest movements below, and was enabled to assemble beforehand a large force at each point of attack; to this circumstance is the result of the action principally ascribable. The French lost eighteen hundred men in the different charges, and had nearly three thousand wounded; the English and Portuguese had only twelve hundred and thirty-five men killed and wounded.

Marshal Masséna judging lord Wellington's position unassailable in front, determined to turn it; he kept up the action by skirmishers until night, and then sent a body of troops by the mountain road which leads from Mortagao to Oporto. In consequence of this movement Wellington abandoned his position at Busaco.

The French entered Coïmbra the 1st of October, and on the 12th after eleven days of forced marches, during which they were drenched with rain, they arrived at Alenquer, distant nine leagues from Lisbon. They had reached almost the extremity of Portugal

* See note 20.

and already regarded the country as finally subdued; they were persuaded that the English thought now only of re-embarking their forces; they counted on overtaking them in a very few days, forcing them to a battle when in the hurry of departure, and overwhelming them with superior numbers.

But the parties sent out to reconnoitre found lord Wellington's army intrenched in a position which it was impracticable to attack or to turn, between the sea and the Tagus, on the chain of mountains which extends from Alhandra to Torres-Vedras and the mouth of the Sisandro.* Passes, already strong by nature, were lined from space to space with a formidable artillery; art had added numerous fortifications from whence death could be dealt on an assailing force without danger to the defenders. Silence, order and quiet prevailed in the British and Portuguese posts throughout the extent of the advanced peninsula, which environs the city of Lisbon. Some gun boats, stationed in the Tagus, flanked the right of the position; a cannon ball from one of which on the very first day killed general Saint-Croix, who had advanced to an eminence, to observe the enemy. The French endeavoured in vain to provoke lord Wellington to come out and give them battle; this modern Fabius remained motionless within his lines, and coolly looked down on his adversary from his elevated site. Wisely sparing of the blood of his sol-

* Vide note 21.

diers, he refused to shed it in pursuit of personal renown and to risk in one conflict the fate of the nation which he was charged to defend. It was to the vengeance of the natives of the invaded country that he consigned the French; and by adhering to a deeply combined plan, he was about to enlist against them famine and disease, those unavoidable attendants on conquering armies, when they are not seconded by the good will of the population which surrounds them.

On the summons of lord Wellington and in conformity to the orders of the Portuguese regency, all the inhabitants of the valley of Mondego and part of those on the northern shore of the Tagus had abandoned their dwellings. The men of mature age had retired with their cattle to the mountains, taking nothing but their arms with them; and as the French approached, an immense crowd of old men, women, children, priests and nuns had simultaneously destroyed their own supplies, for the purpose of depriving the enemy of them, and had retired to Lisbon, under the protection of the British army.

The charity of the various convents, enlightened by patriotism and assisted by numerous alms, furnished during the first few days the means of subsistence to the voluntary exiles, who had thus trusted to Providence for the salvation of their country. In the streets, and squares of Lisbon, as well as in the vicinity of that city, behind the British intrenchments, a camp of unarmed individuals was established,

which proved almost as useful to the cause of Portugal, as that of the warriors destined to defend the country by force of arms.

In their rapid progress, the French, to use their own expressions, had traversed between Almeida and Alenquër "only deserted towns and villages; they had found the mills destroyed, the wine poured out in the streets, the grain burnt, every article of furniture broken to pieces; they had not seen a single horse, mule, ass, cow or goat." They had lived on the cattle which were driven with the army, and on the biscuit which had been distributed, at their entrance into Portugal, for a limited number of days; for they counted with certainty on obtaining, by conquest, possession of the immense resources of one of the greatest commercial cities in Europe.

Unexpectedly arrested at the moment when they thought themselves within reach of the object of their labours, they were reduced to subsist on whatever the soldiers could individually procure for themselves; chance, necessity, natural activity and long acquired habits of a wandering and military life assisted them in discovering the provisions which the country people had buried or concealed in various ways. The French were surrounded on every side and their supplies were frequently intercepted by bands of light troops, long ere they could reach them before the lines of Torres-Vedras. The city of Coïmbra, where they had left a garrison and the necessary officers for the formation of magazines

and stores, as well as their sick and wounded, amounting to five thousand men, had been retaken as early as the 7th of October, by the Portuguese militia; other French posts on the right of the Mondego, had shared the same fate.

The corps that were commanded by the Portuguese generals Sylveira and Bacellar, and those under the English officers Trant, Miller, Wilson and Grant, occupied the roads by which must pass the convoys of provisions and ammunition for Masséna's army. His right flank was moreover harassed by sorties from the Portuguese garrisons of Peniche, Ourem and Obidos; the armed peasants joined the militia in their attacks on the detachments and foraging parties of the French, who could procure subsistence only at the expense of daily sacrifices of life.

Whilst this petty warfare was waging with all the activity inspired by a spirit of vengeance and national hatred, on their flanks and rear, the English, always watchful within their lines, enjoyed perfect tranquillity and lost not a single man.* Their videttes never fired upon the French videttes, and the advanced posts of each side never sought to provoke or fatigue each other by false attacks. This profound calm, which existed only on the front of the two armies, was the result of that tacit convention which usually establishes itself between troops of the line;

* See Note 22.

the latter feel neither hatred nor passion against each other even when they fight, because they have but an indirect interest in the cause which they defend.

The French remained before the lines of Torres-Vedras, supporting patiently every privation, in the hope of soon reducing their opponents to despair. They supposed that the immense crowds of inhabitants of all ages and sexes, which had retired before them and were shut up with the population of the capital in a narrow and barren space, would starve the enemy's army and oblige them either to fight or to re-embark; but the English and Portuguese had the vast ocean behind them, and their numerous shipping communicated freely with both hemispheres. Provisions were in the first place forwarded from Great Britain and the Brazils, and fleets of merchant ships, attracted by the prospect of profit, brought in abundance to the shores of the Tagus the products of Africa and America, as well as the less distant supplies which could be drawn from the yet uninvaded Spanish and Portuguese provinces.

The French, weakened by daily losses and by disease, the sure concomitant of scarcity and inaction, were soon themselves reduced to the situation to which they had hoped to bring their adversaries.

The river Zezere and the town of Abrantes annoyed the detachments which were sent to forage in upper Estremadura; and the Tagus, of which the bridges had been destroyed, separated them on the left from lower Estremadura and Alentejo. These

provinces had not yet been visited; their proximity added to the anxiety of the French, suffering as they did, to take possession of them. They made several unsuccessful attempts to secure a passage over the Tagus, in order to occupy those provinces; among others they threatened the inhabitants of Chamusca, a small town on the opposite side of that river, with the destruction of their houses if they did not bring over their boats; the fishermen to whom the boats belonged, answered this menace by burning them.

The country immediately rose in arms, and the English crossed a division of infantry and one of cavalry to the other side of the river, to oppose any enterprise the French might make there. Lord Wellington had received a reinforcement of ten thousand Spaniards under the marquis de la Romana, and employed on shore a part of the crews of the British fleet; by which means he was enabled to detach the necessary force to guard the banks of the Tagus, without weakening his lines.

After remaining more than a month before Torres-Vedras, the French found themselves at last totally without the means of subsistence; they raised their camp on the night between the 14th and 15th of November, and commenced their retreat in order to take up a position at Santarem, behind the Rio Major. The order and silence observed by them at their departure were such, that the English videttes were aware of the absence of the French advanced posts only on the following morning.

The British sent reinforcements to the troops which they had on the south side of the Tagus, apprehending that Masséna's movement was intended for the passage of that river; their army left its lines, followed the track of the French, and on the 19th advanced in columns of attack near to the Rio Major opposite to Santarem, apparently intending to force the passage of that river; but this project was abandoned on seeing the strength of the French position. Lord Wellington established his head quarters at Cartaxo, placing his advanced posts on the right bank of the Rio Major, between it and the lines of Torres-Vedras, so that he could fall back to the latter in case the French attacked him with superior forces.

Santarem is situated on the ridge of a chain of elevated and almost perpendicular mountains, before which stretches another chain of hills somewhat lower, where was drawn up the first line of the French army; at the foot of these heights flows the Rio Major and beyond it the Tagus. The British had to march over a considerable distance of marshy ground, by two causeys, which as well as the bridge were completely commanded by artillery.

Marshal Masséna had skilfully selected and fortified the position of Santarem, with the intention of keeping the English in check, with a few troops, on the Rio Major, and of extending his cantonments as far as the river Zezere, over which he threw two bridges; he at the same time occupied both shores

of this river by a division of infantry, in order to watch the town of Abrantes and to protect the detachments which went out to forage in Upper Estremadura. He wished to secure a communication with Spain by the way of Thomar, until the reinforcements which he was expecting and which were indispensable to the continuance of his operations after the heavy losses he had sustained, had driven the Portuguese militia from the posts they had possessed themselves of on the roads leading to the valley of Mondego.

The corps of reserve commanded by general Drouet had left Valladolid on the 12th of October, on its advance to the frontiers of Portugal; and the division under general Gardanne, which had been left in garrison at Ciudad-Rodrigo and Almeida, had abandoned those places to join the army of Masséna; when it had arrived, on the 14th of November, within a few leagues of the first French posts, this division suddenly moved back towards the Spanish frontier. They were led into error respecting the posture of affairs by the great numbers of Portuguese irregulars who harassed them from the moment of their entrance into Portugal, and who had even carried off their advanced guard. Gardanne's division retreated upon the corps of general Drouet, with which it again entered Portugal in the month of December.

This corps proceeded by the valley of Mondego, and joined Masséna's main army after dispersing the

Portuguese militia, but without having been able to destroy them, as was constantly the case; for the Portuguese general Sylveira attacked again, at the end of the month, the division of Claperéde which had been left at Trancoso and Pinhel, in the district of Coa, to guard the communications of the army of Portugal with Spain. General Claperéde assembled his division and beat Sylveira, whom he pursued to the Duero; but was soon forced to retrace his steps to Trancoso and Guarda by the movements of other bands of militia under the Portuguese general Bacellar and colonel Wilson, which threatened his flanks and rear on the Pavia and at Castro Diaro.

These Portuguese bands never attacked any but the weak points of the French, their advanced posts, their rear-guards, detachments, small garrisons or insulated battalions, and thus did them incalculable mischief; it was impossible to destroy them on account of their numbers and their perfect knowledge of the country. When dispersed at one point, they rallied at another; the peasantry in every district joined them in arms when an expedition was announced. General Drouet went to Leyria, occupying, in conjunction with the other corps of the French army, the country which extends between the Ocean and the Tagus in the direction of Punhete and Santarem.

Masséna was engaged in constructing a great number of boats, for the purpose of throwing bridges over the Tagus; this was a difficult undertaking in a country deserted by its inhabitants, and offering

in other respects but few resources at any time. The British troops that occupied Mugen, Almérin, Chamusca, and San-Brito on the opposite shore could see all these preparations, and were erecting heavy batteries on their side to counteract the threatened attempt.

It was a matter of as much importance to the English to prevent, as it was to the French to effect the passage of the river; for the fate of Portugal and the success of the ulterior operations of both parties appeared at that time to depend upon the measure. If Masséna succeeded in crossing the Tagus, he would oblige the English to divide their forces and to weaken themselves by extending their line of operation to both sides of the river. The positions at Torres-Vedras, less guarded and without a sufficient number of men to defend them, might then be carried, at the expense of some thousands of lives, by a French force advancing from Leyria. If, on the other hand, the British concentrated all their strength at Torres-Vedras, the French would follow the course of the Tagus after having crossed the river, and possess themselves of the small peninsula in which are situated the towns of Palmela and Setubal; they would command the mouth of the Tagus from the southern side, and cut off the communication of Lisbon with the sea; lastly, they might bombard that capital from the heights of Almada, which are immediately opposite to it.

Marshals Soult and Mortier arrived at Mérida on

the 9th of January, with all the disposable troops of the army of Andalusia, intending to besiege Badajos and Elvas, to oblige lord Wellington to divide his forces for the defence of this part of the frontier, and thus to co-operate with Masséna. On hearing of the approach of the French to the frontiers of Alentejo, the English detached more troops, under generals Hill and Beresford, to the south of the Tagus; and the inhabitants of that part of Portugal prepared to desert the country and famish the French, agreeably to the system of defence which lord Wellington had so successfully adopted on the right bank of that river.

The marquis de la Romana sent general Mendizabal to the relief of Badajos, with the ten thousand Spaniards who had followed him to Torres-Vedras. La Romana was labouring under the malady of which he died on the 24th of January at Cartaxo, deeply regretted by the Spaniards and English, and esteemed even by his enemies for having never despaired of his country's cause, and for having constantly supported the war, amidst every reverse, with that activity and perseverance which usually appertain only to the victorious. Marshals Soult and Mortier took Olivença on the 23d of January; they then, on the 19th of February, crossed the Gevora and the Guadiana, and surprised the Spanish forces under general Mendizabal in their camp, where they cut them in pieces.

In the mean time Masséna's army had consumed

all the provisions in the country occupied by it on the right of the Tagus, and his foragers extended their excursions to twenty leagues around. A considerable portion of the troops was continually employed in providing for the wants of the rest, and a precarious subsistence was daily purchased by heavy losses. Marshal Junot learnt that the British had collected a quantity of wine and wheat at Rio Major, and set out at the head of two regiments of cavalry and some infantry to get possession of it. The British retreated in time; but Junot was wounded in a slight skirmish between his advance and the enemy's rear-guard. The cavalry, which ought to constitute as it were the eyes and arms of a great army, being destined to guard and secure its supplies, was a burden to the French by its numbers, on account of the difficulty of obtaining provender; and was often entirely useless to them in a hilly and broken country, where it was incessantly harassed by clouds of peasants and militia.

The hatred and irritation of the inhabitants were increased in proportion to the duration of the war, by the prolonged privations which they suffered. Even the most timid of the peasantry, who had fled into the mountains for tranquillity, were forced from their retreats by despair and hunger. They came down into the vallies, hid themselves near the roads, and waited for the French in difficult passes, to plunder them of the supplies which the latter had themselves been plundering. A countryman from the neigh-

bourhood of Thomar had chosen for his retreat a cavern near that town, and killed with his own hand, in the month of February, more than thirty Frenchmen whom he succeeded in surprising separately, and took from them about fifty horses and mules.*

The boldness of the Spanish guerillas had increased, since a considerable part of the French forces had been removed to Portugal. Some of the chiefs who, seven months before, had only a few hundred men under their command, now were at the head of formidable divisions, and frequently carried off whole convoys of ammunition and provisions, intended for Masséna's army. The French convoys had nearly two hundred leagues to travel through an enemy's country in full insurrection, before they could reach their destination; they were composed of muleteers pressed into the service from the south of France, and of Spanish peasants, who exposed themselves with great repugnance to the almost certain risk of being killed or losing their mules. These peasants fled whenever they found an opportunity, or gave information to the guerillas, in order to be spared themselves if they were attacked; the slightest negligence on the part of the escorts was sufficient to deprive the army of its subsistence.

At the commencement of the month of March, Masséna had succeeded in constructing two hundred boats, and all his preparations were completed;

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* See note 23.

but he could not attempt the passage of the Tagus without receiving fresh reinforcements. Soult and Mortier could afford him no effectual assistance until Badajos should be taken, and that town still held out.

Lord Wellington's army had met with no considerable loss since the opening of the campaign; it had just received reinforcements from England and amounted to forty thousand British soldiers, besides the Portuguese regular troops, which had been considerably augmented and improved by active service. Marshal Masséna's on the contrary had been daily diminishing for the last seven months, by the attacks of the irregulars, the want of supplies, and by sickness; it was reduced to one half of the original number that entered Portugal.

Such was the situation of the French at the beginning of March, when a convoy of biscuit, on its way from France, was carried off by the Spanish partizans.* On the eve of being totally without provisions, they were forced to think of retreating, and they at last abandoned Portugal, after a campaign of seven months' duration, without having fought as ingle pitched battle. They yielded to the constancy with which the British commander adhered to a system, that deprived his enemy of every chance of victory, by withholding every opportunity of fighting.

The sick, the wounded, and the baggage of the

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* Vide note 24.

French set out on the 4th, conveyed on a vast number of beasts of burden, and on the 5th their army began its retreat. Marshal Ney, who commanded the rear, advanced his corps from Leyria to Muliano, to threaten by this offensive demonstration the flanks of the British, and prevent their moving, while the rest of the French army was getting forward on its march.

The French arrived on the 10th at Pombal; their rear-guard detained the British van almost the whole day of the 11th before that town, which they abandoned in the evening, and retired during the night to a strong position in advance of the defilee of Redinha upon the Adanços; they passed the defilee, under the protection of their artillery, which thundered from the neighbouring heights on the enemy as they made their appearance. The French rear again formed in order of battle behind the pass of Redinha, and then fell back on the main body, which waited for them in the position of Condeixa.

The military skill of the French, says an English writer,* was evident at every moment; they allowed no advantage of ground to escape them; their rear-guards never abandoned a position until it was completely turned, and then only to seize another which they defended in the same manner. The French columns retired slowly towards some central point in a position selected beforehand, where they united in

* Edinburgh Annual Register, 1811, page 257.

mass to rest themselves, resist their enemy, repel his attacks, and then resume their march. Marshal Ney covered the retreat with some chosen troops, whilst Masséna directed the progress of the main army, holding himself always prepared to support if necessary his rear-guard. The talents of this great commander, says the English Military Chronicle,* "never appeared so eminent; nothing can equal the ability which he displayed on this occasion."

On the 15th, the French took post on the Ceira, leaving a guard at the village of Foz de Aronce, where a sharp engagement took place; the next day they destroyed the bridge on the Ceira, and abandoned their position on the 17th, to retire upon the Alva. The English army halted upon the Alva, waiting for provisions; and the French were followed as far as Guarda only by light troops, the Portuguese militia and insurgents, who pressed on them with the greatest pertinacity, and gave no quarter to the wounded and stragglers who fell into their hands.

Want of provisions obliged the French to hasten their march; they found, on leaving Portugal, as well as when they had entered that kingdom, none but deserted villages and empty houses. Exasperated by fatigue and privation, the soldiers abandoned themselves to every excess; they burnt the villages and even some of the larger towns. In their greedy

* Military Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 405.

search for plunder, they profaned the churches by despoiling them of their ornaments, violated the sanctity of the tombs, dispersed the relics, wreaking upon the ashes of the dead the vengeance they were unable to exercise on the living. The French army remained at Guarda till the 29th; on the approach of the English they abandoned that town, and placed themselves in the strong position of Ruivinha; they defended with success the ford of Rapoula on the Coa during the whole of the 3d of April; and on the 4th they re-crossed the Portuguese frontier, leaving a feeble garrison in the town of Almeida.

The system of defence which reduced marshal Masséna to the necessity of abandoning Portugal, was similar to that of the Spaniards; any nation possessed of patriotism may adopt it with equal success. It consists in avoiding general engagements, in forcing a large army to subdivide itself in order to combat in detail, and to paralyse itself by a want of concert in its parts; or else, should it remain united, in exhausting the enemy's strength by intercepting all his supplies; this is the more easy in proportion to the greatness of his numbers; every successful engagement necessarily draws him farther from the country whence he derives his resources.

In the great military states of central Europe, where the nations took little interest in the quarrels of their governments, a victory, or simply the occupation of a country, furnished the French abundantly with provisions, ammunition, arms, and even sol-

diers; it might be said of their armed force as Virgil says of fame, "*vires acquirit eundo*," its progress adds to its strength.

In Spain and Portugal, on the contrary, the forces of the French always diminished as they advanced, from the necessity of making numerous detachments to combat the population of the country, to provide subsistence, and guard their communications; their armies were quickly reduced, even after victories, to the situation of the lion in the fable, who tears himself with his own claws, while making vain efforts to destroy the flies which torment and obsede him.

The world should not forget that Spain has sustained, almost alone, for more than five years, the weight of the immense power of the emperor Napoleon. Victorious in Italy, on the Danube, the Elbe and the Niemen, he had subjected or attached to his fortune a great portion of Europe. By uniting under his banners the vanquished to those who had conquered them, he had transformed his enemies into allies. The Italians, the Poles, the Swiss, the Dutch, the Saxons, the Bavarians, and all the warlike Germans of the Rhenish confederation, mingled with the French, and emulous of their fame, sought to prove in battle that they rivalled them in their contempt of danger and of death.

The great powers of the north and east of Europe which yet retained sufficient strength to resist him, were dazzled by the brilliancy of Napoleon's achiev-

ments and good fortune. He distributed kingdoms among his companions in arms, as he did the government of provinces in France among those who were devoted to him; the title and authority of king were no longer considered but as a military grade in his armies.

When hostilities first commenced in Spain, in 1808, the French had already invaded Portugal without resistance; they occupied Madrid, the center of Spain, and had possessed themselves of several fortresses by stratagem. The best of the Spanish troops were retained in the ranks of the French in Germany and Portugal; those which remained in Spain did not yet know how to distinguish the authority of the French from the will of Charles the Fourth and Ferdinand the Seventh.

While keeping these captive sovereigns in France, and giving to Spain his brother for their king, Napoleon had counted on having to deal with a people weak and without energy, who would prefer the dominion of a stranger to the horrors of war in the very bosom of their land. Europe thought, with the emperor Napoleon, that the Spaniards would bow themselves without resistance under the yoke.

During five years the French gained successively in Spain ten pitched battles, conquered almost every fortified town, and could, nevertheless, obtain the lasting submission of not a single province. Spain was reduced to the walls of Cadiz, as Portugal to those of Lisbon. If the French had become masters

of these cities, not even then would the fate of the Peninsula have been decided; while their armies were every where victorious, the guerillas were making incursions to the very gates of Toulouse, in the heart of France.

The Spanish nation was animated by one and the same sentiment, love of independence and detestation of foreigners who were desirous of humiliating their pride by imposing a ruler on them. It was necessary to overcome not armies nor fortresses, but the feeling which filled every breast in the country. The soul of each individual was the object of attack,—a bulwark which is not to be forced by bullets or by bayonets.

Since these memoirs were written, we have seen the Russians, and afterwards the Prussians giving to northern Europe proofs of devotion to their native land, similar in many respects to that which has illustrated the Spaniards; in consequence Russia, Prussia, and Spain have been speedily freed from their common enemy. These events which have changed the face of Europe, demonstrate as forcibly as the long and noble resistance of the Spanish people, that the real strength of states consists not so much in the number and power of their regular armies, as in a sentiment, whether religious, patriotic, or political, which identifies the interest of each individual with those of the nation.

NOTES

TO

M. DE ROCCA'S MEMOIRS.

Note I.—Page 6.

See Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, by William Coxe, vol. 3d, p. 321. London, 1813.

Note II.—Page 12.

The note of page 12 is taken almost entirely, as to the facts concerning the Spanish armies, from the letters of major-general Broderick, commissioner with the army of general Blake, and from those of other officers sent by the British to the different Spanish armies. See Extracts from Letters laid before Parliament.—General Broderick to Lord Castlereagh, 10th Sept., 22d Sept., and 5th Nov. 1808.

It is plain from the facts stated in these letters that Spain would have been certainly liberated from the French at the close of 1808, if the armies of the northern powers had not been paralysed by the conferences at Erfurth. Thirty-four thousand English troops were advancing to Burgos; which force joined to that of the Spaniards, would have been more than sufficient to constrain king Joseph's army to re-cross the Pyrenees.

Note III.—Page 37.

See letters from the central Junta of Spain, dated Madrid,

2d Dec. 1808, to General Sir John Moore;—from the Junta of Toledo to the same, of 5th Dec. 1808.—from the Marquis de la Romana to the same, without date.

Note IV.—Page 53.

Letters published in the Journal and Correspondence of Sir John Moore—from Colonel Graham, 7th Dec. 1808—from the Duke del Infantado to his Excellency John H. Frere, 13th Dec. 1808. From the Marquis de la Romana, 21st Dec.—From the Prince de Neuchâtel to Marshal Soult, 10th Dec. 1808.

Note V.—Page 54.

The details respecting the march of the British army and its retreat upon Coruña are taken from Sir John Moore's Correspondence.

Note VI.—Page 60.

Several of Mr. Frere's letters to General Moore confirm this opinion. It was that officer's intention to cross the Tagus at Almaraz, to defend the opposite bank of that river, or retreat to the south of the Peninsula. The open despatch, which I was the bearer of, to the Prince of Neuchâtel, and of which I speak in page 48, informed the emperor Napoleon that General Moore was making preparations to enter Estremadura through the passes of Avila, in order to cross the Tagus at Almaraz, and that the bridge at the latter place had been mined by the Spaniards.

Note VII.—Page 82.

See the official report of the battle of Medellin, published at Seville by the Spanish Junta, and the decree consequent to the battle, in la Gazeta extraordinaria del Gobierno, 1st April, 1809.

Note VIII.—Page 82.

See Letters from Joseph Bonaparte to General Sébastiani, 9th April, 1809, and from Marshal Jourdan to the same, 10th April—intercepted by the Spaniards, and laid before the British Parliament in 1809.

Note IX.—Page 84.

Vide Edinburgh Annual Register, History of Europe, chap. xxiii. pages 567, 568, 569, 570.

Note X.—Page 85.

See the official report of the Marquis de la Romana, dated Paramo del Sil, 30th March, 1809.

Note XI.—Page 85.

This fact is stated in a despatch from Mr. Frere to Mr. Canning, Secretary of State, dated Seville, 10th July, 1809. See papers laid before Parliament.

Note XII.—Page 86.

See Treatise on the Defence of Portugal and principal events of the Campaigns under Lord Wellington, by Wm. Granville Elliot, captain of the royal artillery; 3d edition, Lond. 1811, p. 229.

Note XIII.—Page 87.

See Letters from Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley to the Right Hon. Lord Castlereagh, of 12th and 18th May, 1809.

Note XIV.—Page 88.

See letters from Marshal Soult to Joseph Bonaparte, dated Puebla de Sanabria, 25th of June, 1809. These letters were intercepted by some of the guerillas, and were among the documents laid before the British Parliament in 1810.

Note XV.—Page 96.

See Marshal Jourdan's letter to Marshal Soult, dated Burgos, July 30, 1809; and one from Sir Arthur Wellesley to Lord Castlereagh, dated Talavera de la Reyna, 29th July, 1809.

Note XVI.—Page 104.

Vide letters from General Venegas to his Excellency Don Antonio Cornel, Secretary at War to the central Junta of Spain; Ocaña, 29th and 30th July, 1809.

Note XVII.—Page 104.

Vide Narrative of the Campaigns of the Portuguese Legion, by Brigadier-General Sir Robert Wilson; Lond. 1812.

Note XVIII.—Page 106.

Vide letter from the Duke del Parque to Don Antonio Cornel, of August 3, 1809; and the journal of the movements and situation of the French army in Old Castile, from the 28th of July to the 2d of August, as reported by the Spanish guerillas. All the above are taken from papers laid before Parliament, &c. &c.

Note XIX.—Page 184.

See Extracts from Spanish Newspapers, as published in the Edinburgh Annual Register.

Note XX.—Page 193.

See Narrative of the Campaigns of the Loyal Lusitanian Legion under Brigadier-General Sir Robert Wilson.

Note XXI.—Page 194.

See Plan and Description of the Intrenchments at Torres-Vedras, by Captain William Granvillle Eliot, Royal artillery.

Note XXII.—Page 197.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1810, page 410.

Note XXIII.—Page 206.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1811, page 252.

Note XXIV.—Page 207.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1811, page 254.